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THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The house was taken, the furniture purchased, and the new home prepared for the young bride and her husband. Taste, comfort, and elegance were visible everywhere. With an appearance of interest that altogether deceived Mr. Hardy, and to some extent her parents, Jane had entered into the business of selecting and arranging the furniture. For the space of three or four weeks, nearly her whole time was taken up in this work; and, to some extent, her thought of what she was doing lifted her above the darkness that brooded over her spirit, and gave to her manner a cheerfulness that was but a mockery of her real state.

Then came the formal change from the old to the new home. To her it was like the going forth of the dove from the ark. Before and around her—everywhere within the range of her keenly searching vision—stretched only a dreary waste of troubled waters, above which not even the stony peak of an Ararat was visible. But she went from the warm, loving atmosphere of the old home, into the new one, and felt the chilling airs strike coldly upon her heart, without a visible tear or a faltering footstep.

The home gained by Mr. Hardy, under the too eager impulses of a strong self-will that hesitated not to break where it could not bend, failed, even from the beginning, to reach the warm ideal he had so fondly cherished. The sun he had commanded to shine, and fill every chamber of his dwelling with light and warmth, failed to do his bidding; and the hand he swept almost imperiously across the heavens, only disturbed and made thicker and darker the clouds, instead of removing them. He had caged a beautiful singing bird, but its song ceased from the moment the gilded doors of its prison were closed.

Under the effort to be cheerful, and to make the home of her husband all that he could desire, Mrs. Hardy, during the early periods of their new life, maintained a quiet, interested exterior, and ministered in all ways possible to his comfort. But how poor a substitute was Duty for Love! There was no heart in it all.

It was soon whispered about that the young wife was not happy. Every body was surprised, and inquiries as to the cause passed from lip to lip. All kinds of suggestions were made; and this approximation to the truth reached,—"She didn't want to go to housekeeping!"

Of course, the general sentiment was against her. She was called selfish, indolent, unreasonable—not worthy of so good a husband. Wives blamed, and ambitious maidens envied her; while Mr. Hardy received a world of sympathy.

As for Mr. Hardy—the man whose resolute purposes had, hitherto, overridden all that came between himself and a cherished end—he found, in the growing impassiveness of his wife, whom even sharp words could not spur into re-action, new barrier, the strongest and strangest which had yet upreared itself in his path. He could act and overcome circumstances, bending them to his will; but, when he came to the heart of a woman, and sought, almost imperiously, to regulate its beat, and govern its impulses, he found the task altogether the most difficult he had ever assumed. A woman of ordinary character, and less delicacy of feeling would, in a short time, have accommodated herself to the peculiarities of Mr. Hardy, and found ample compensation in the position acquired by the marriage; or, one of more shrewdness and worldly-mindedness, would have taken advantage of his weak points to bend him wholly to her will—for such men can always be governed, if their wives know the art. But Mrs. Hardy was too true a woman to find any compensation here. She loved unselfishly, and her heart asked as true a love in return. Failing to receive this, the light of her life grew dim, and the shadows of death fell coldly upon her heart. Ah, if that foolish young husband could have known the fate of the jewel he was grinding to powder under his feet—could have seen deep enough into the heart of his wife to understand its pure, loving qualities—could have forgotten himself long enough to gain some true perception of her real character—what a life joy might have been his! But he was unworthy to possess the treasure he had coveted, and now that it was in his hand, the lustre had grown dim. Ah! How many thousands and thousands of pure, true, loving-hearted women are wedded by just such men as Mr. Hardy, who vainly imagine that to win is to enjoy. They mate too high, and, in mating, wed misery instead of happiness. It is not always physical suffering—the sickness of the frail body alone—that whitens so many cheeks, and throws a veil of sadness over so many homes. No—no. The "poor health" of wives has, often, a deeper source than friends and neighbors imagine. There is a sickness of the soul that saps the life-fountains more surely than any bodily ailment. The heart needs sustenance as well as the brain—its ailment is love, and, deprived of this, will not its pulses grow daily feebler and feebler? Alas! This attempted mating of grosser with finer natures—what cruel wrongs are born of the unnatural union!

There was one quality about Mr. Hardy which, under most conditions of life, may almost be classed with the virtues—we mean firmness. Phrenologists would, doubtless, have found the organ representing it, of unusual size. This quality gave great persistence to his character, and was one of the secrets of his steadily advancing position among his fellow men. He rarely abandoned a purpose, though it was his custom to gain his ends rather by smiling policy, than frowning force; combativeness, in the technical sense, not being large. There was something, too, of willness about him, that enabled him to gain his ends without exciting opposition, and to lead men, while off of their guard, to work towards the accomplishment of his favorite schemes. Thus he was a tyrant, without boldness; seeking to rule, yet coveting the good opinions of the very men he would bend to his will.

But tyrants of his class usually lay aside at home some of the more exterior veils that hide their real quality from the eyes of men. Having secured their wives, they commence at once the work of ruling them. Pride—or what they regard as manliness—will not permit them to pursue the same course at home that is pursued by them in the world. No smooth policy, no smiling duplicity, no seeming acquiescence where the real purpose remains strong as ever, mark their conduct in the family circle. There the uttered word becomes the changeless law.

The quality of persistence, in Mr. Hardy's character, to which we have referred, strengthened as it was through deficient perceptions, made the case of his unhappy young wife a hopeless one. He was not able, from the peculiar nature of his mental organization, to see any cause for her singular state of mind, but thwarted self-will. It was plain to him that, having been permitted in the home of her girlhood, to do pretty much as she pleased—to rule her parents through appeals to their partial love—she now sought to attain the same control over her husband; and failing from the start in this, was now using a woman's powerful weapons against him. The very thought filled his mind with anger towards the gentle one he was wronging so deeply; and he resolved that, come what would, he must be conqueror in the struggle, if the contest went on to the day of death! Thus he closed his mind to the possibility of ever comprehending her true state, and regarded every wail of anguish that went up from her bleeding heart as the iron grasp in which he held it grew daily tighter and tighter, as only the mad cry of a yet untamed spirit, in which the hope to rule was yet a struggling passion! If she bore up calmly, yet sadly, seeking to perform every external duty faithfully in the sight of heaven; he cherished anger against her, because she was not smiling and cheerful. If she sunk down, as was not unfrequently the case, into impassive, dark and gloomy states, refusing even a word in answer to anything he might say—remaining thus, sometimes, for weeks together—he saw only a changing phase of art. It was fine acting! Under such a discipline, it is no cause of wonder that in many respects the character of Mrs. Hardy underwent a change; and that even to her parents she seemed at times to deport herself in a strange, if not unreasonable manner. As for her own conscious states, they were, as may be supposed, often of the darkest character. There were periods when reason tottered—when thought was a blank—when all around her was a bewildering maze, and she groped about like a blind man who has lost his way.

How often, oh, how often! in these hours of midnight gloom—when it seemed as if the very sun that lit up the heavens of nature, was fading—did she enter into her closet and shut the door, and pray unto Him who seeth in secret—beseeching Him for light to see by; for strength to walk the rugged path she was treading; for a willing heart to do her duty. Sometimes she came from her closet with a clearer mind and a stronger heart; and sometimes with so crushed and hopeless a feeling, that her life seemed perishing. And so the days went on, the distance between herself, her husband, and happiness, growing ever wider and wider—the future growing darker and darker—and mocking hope flitting far in the distance as a dusky image, in the form of death.

CHAPTER IX.

We must come down to a closer view—must observe this couple, so unequally yoked together, in some of the events of their daily lives, in order more clearly to comprehend the nature of that mental malady which, as we have seen in the beginning, was a mystery to those who were unable to see below the surface.

There had been no yielding on the part of Mr. Hardy up to the time when he removed his young bride to the new home in which he expected to find so much of life's real enjoyments. Around the word home clustered, in his mind, a world of felicities. It involved his highest earthly ideal. Wife—children—home! How often had these words found an utterance in his heart, and an echo on his lips. Possessing these, he felt that he could defy the world. When, therefore, his first proposition to commence housekeeping failed to receive a ready acquiescence on the part of his betrothed, whose timid nature shrunk from the thought of going at once forth from the home of her childhood and riper maiden years, alone with her husband, he, unable to perceive and rightly appreciate her true state of mind, permitted his feelings to be ruffled with disappointment. He even went so far, in his own thought, as to pronounce her conduct selfish and unreasonable. The admission of such a thought was a bad omen for the future.

On the day of their removal from Mrs. Hardy's old home to the new one which had been provided, the pressure on Mrs. Hardy's feelings was so great, that a sunny countenance was impossible. She had intended to appear cheerful and interested; to manifest not even a shade of reluctance; to hide the troubled aspect of her spirit from every one. Alas! this was impossible. She had no skill in dissembling. She knew that the searching eyes of her husband were upon her, watching every changing hue in her countenance; and she felt that he saw deeper than the surface.

It was in the forenoon of a fair autumn day, that Mrs. Hardy, accompanied by her mother and husband, stepped into a carriage, by which they were conveyed to the elegant habitation that was to be the bride's new home.

"I ought to be a happy wife." These were the mental words of Mrs. Hardy, as the carriage moved away from the old home. And yet, even as she said this, she shrunk back in the carriage, and drew her veil over her face, lest tears, that it seemed impossible to restrain, should suddenly gush from her eyes. Mr. Hardy noticed the movement, and he understood it as indicating a pained and reluctant state.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Hardy remained only a short time. Business called him elsewhere.

"I leave my young housekeeper to take her first lessons under your instructions," he said, with a smile, and in a pleasant tone, to Mrs. Enfield. "She is timid, and fearful that she will not do well, but I am ready to trust all in her hands. Don't you think we ought to be very happy here?"

And he glanced around upon the elegant adornments of the room in which they stood.

"Happiness comes always from within," replied Mrs. Enfield in a low, thoughtful voice. "Yes," she added, after an almost imperceptible pause; "you ought to be very happy here; and may Heaven grant you that great blessing."

"Nothing in my power to give shall be wanting," said Mr. Hardy; and he looked towards his young wife.

She was standing with her eyes upon the floor, and neither looked up nor responded.

"Good morning!" Mr. Hardy spoke cheerfully. "Business first—pleasure afterwards; I must away."

And he moved across the room.

"But stay," he added, pausing at the door; "I must post myself in regard to the new household arrangements that begin from this period. At what hour shall we dine?"

"What hour will suit you?" asked Mrs. Hardy.

"Say two o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well; let it be two. You will find me at the door when the clock strikes."

At two Mr. Hardy returned, and found his wife alone, her mother having gone back to attend to the duties of her own household. She met him with tender looks and loving words; but there was a suffering expression on her face, and signs of weeping about her eyes; and these worried the young husband. Why should she look sad? Why should she weep? It was unreasonable! He felt instantly cold towards her, and she, perceiving this sphere of repulsion, lost her self-control, and burst into tears. She was standing before him, and looking into his face, when thus overpowered by her feelings. Leaning her face down upon his shoulder, she sobbed almost hysterically.

Mr. Hardy did not speak a soothing word, nor so much as draw his arm around her, but stood silent and immoveable as a stone, until the gush of feeling had subsided. He then said, in no kind voice,

"Jane, I am confounded at this persevering opposition on your part. None but a self-willed, unreasonable woman could make objection to becoming the mistress of a home like this."

"I make no objection," she answered, lifting her face, and looking at him through tears that were not yet stayed.

"Every act, every look, every thought is an objection!" said Mr. Hardy, with strong emphasis on his words.

"You do not understand me, John."

"And fear that I never shall," was replied with no softening of tone or manner. "I thought you understood, in assuming a wife's relation, what were a wife's duties. But I have spoken to you plainly on the subject before, and need not repeat my words now. You know my sentiments on this head."

"Forgive me in that I have done wrong," said Mrs. Hardy, meekly—"It is in my heart to be all that God requires of me in this my new and holy relation. But I am a weak, erring, blind creature. Have patience with me, John! Do not bear down too hard upon me, lest you break what you seek to bend."

"Bear down on you, Jane! I cannot understand such language! What is your meaning? How have I borne down upon you? In what have I been selfish, exacting, or unreasonable? Was it strange that, in taking a wife, I should desire a home? No! But it *was* strange, that the wife I selected from the circle of maidens should, for an instant, think of holding me back from that most coveted blessing. Yes, that is the strange feature in the case. Bear down too hard upon you! Is it possible that I am so soon transformed in your eyes, into a domestic tyrant?"

The words of this sentence were, at first, as painful blows on the young wife's heart; but, ere it was closed, they rebounded from the hardened surface, leaving scarcely an impression behind. She had felt a reviving tenderness for him as her appeal indicated, and if he had then folded her lovingly in his arms—had then suffered right thoughts to guide him to a perception of her true state, and right feelings to seek her happiness rather than his own ends, the dark clouds already overhanging their household would have been scattered, and the bright sunshine filled every chamber. But there was no movement towards this in his cold, selfish nature. A little while his wife stood near him, her eyes no longer wet with tears—her cheeks no longer flushed with feeling—and then moved back slowly, increasing the distance between them until she reached the opposite of the room. She then turned her face from him and stood still.

"Jane!" Mr. Hardy spoke sternly.

She did not move.

"Jane!" She remained motionless as a statue.

"Jane!" The tone was now angrily imperative.

Slowly Mrs. Hardy turned her body and showed a face as colorless as marble, and eyes that had a stony aspect.

"Jane! Do you hear me?"

There was not even an attempted motion of the lips visible.

"What am I to understand by all this?" The voice was neither so stern, nor so imperative.

A feeble flushing of the cheeks, a slight glancing of the eyes, a scarcely perceptible motion of the lips showed that his words had penetrated the region of thought.

"Is this a right beginning for us? Oh, Jane! Jane! How little did I dream that such a trial was in store for me, when, with a heart full of joyful anticipations I asked you to become my wedded wife!"

The hue of death again settled over the countenance of Mrs. Hardy, and, staggering forward a pace or two, she fell forward upon a sofa—not in a state of insensibility, but physical prostration.

Shall we say it? Yes, even at the risk of having the revelation doubted, as involving an impossible thing—not a single wave of pity moved over the surface of the husband's feelings! He did not even spring forward to lift her up tenderly; he showed no sign of alarm; he merely stood where he was and looked on coldly! It was, in his eyes, only acting; or, if there was real emotion at the bottom, disappointed self-will was the exciting impulse. No—he had no pity, no sympathy. His cool, well balanced mind was not disturbed by any feeling of commiseration for his wife. But he was offended by her pertinacity.

A moment Mr. Hardy looked sternly upon the form of his wife as it lay crouching upon the sofa with the face hidden; and then calmly left the room, and went up stairs with a measured tread.

Ten minutes afterwards, the ringing of a bell was heard. It was the announcement that dinner was on the table. Mr. Hardy went, without seeking his wife, to the dining-room. He was a little surprised to find her there giving some brief directions to the waiter. Her manner was composed, and her voice steady; but her face was almost hueless. She took her position at the table quietly, and served her husband, after he had carved the meat, to the various dishes. Upon her own plate she received only one or two articles, and though she made a feint of eating, scarcely anything passed her lips. Thus was their first meal in their own home eaten in silence, and under painful embarrassment on both sides. It was ominous of dark and evil days to come. Rising from the table at its close, Mr. Hardy, without speaking, left the dining-room. His wife, still seated, turned her ear and listened to his footsteps as he moved along the passages. She was not prepared for the jar of the street door; as was evident from the start she gave as the sound struck upon her ear. She sat very still for a few moments, and then rising went up to her chamber, shut the door and locked it. Crossing her hands, and laying them lightly upon her bosom, she lifted her eyes upwards and prayed silently for more than the space of a minute. But the anguish of her spirit was not removed. While the arrow rankled in her heart there could be no cessation of pain.

After a brief, unavailing struggle with her feelings, Mrs. Hardy, weak in body as in spirit, laid herself upon her bed, and with shut eyes, in a state of half conscious misery, passed the hours until evening. A little while before her husband's return, she aroused herself, and removing, as far as possible, all traces of suffering from her countenance, met him with an air so pleasant and cheerful, that he was surprised and gratified. He had expected a very different reception. Just as far as pride and self-will would let him go did he seek to conciliate her feelings, and to yield to what he deemed her wishes. Purposely he avoided all allusion to their home and household matters lest he should touch a discordant string. The result well repaid him for this small measure of self-control. Something of the former light came back into her eyes; something of the old warmth to her cheeks, and music to her voice. A few friends called in after tea, and the evening passed cheerfully away. Mrs. Hardy's voice had been well trained, and she sang with uncommon sweetness. On this occasion she almost surprised herself, and her husband listened to her voice, and her praises with a glow of pride.

"How happy we *might* be!" He sighed faintly as the thought crossed his mind. "Beautiful—accomplished—possessing every external grace." So his thoughts ran on—"Ah, if there were only submission and self-denial! Alas! Alas! Who could have dreamed that one so gentle, so loving, so unobtrusive, so apparently unselfish, had so strong a will, and such endurance?"

"What a little paradise you have!" said one fair friend to the bride.

"If you are not happy here there is no happiness to be found on the earth," said another.

Mr. Hardy stood by when these remarks were made, and looked steadily into the face of his wife to see the effect. But he could perceive no change in its expression.

"How perfectly she can act!"

Blind, ungenerous man! Perversely bent on misinterpretation! That thought warped his feelings again, and opened his mind to the influx of subtle accusations.

The sudden depression that followed the breaking up of a company, before whom she had really been acting a part, only confirmed Mr. Hardy in the idea that his wife was assuming a great deal more than she felt in order to gain her purposes. He did not permit himself to utter the thoughts that were in his mind, for he wished to avoid a scene; but his manner became icy cold as soon as he perceived a change in his wife's exterior. And so there was darkness and silence upon their spirits, as well as darkness and silence upon the face of nature. Very ominous of dark days to come was this termination of their first day's life in their new home. Alas! alas for all who, like them, are unequally yoked together!

CHAPTER X.

Through many wakeful hours of the night that followed this first day of trial in their new home, did Mrs. Hardy lie and ponder the question of *duty*. Ah! if it had been the question of *love*—nothing would have been easier than the solution. Morning found her with the problem yet unsolved.

Pale cheeks, weary eyes, joyless countenance, silent lips. Across the breakfast-table John Hardy looked, and saw but these! Did they move him with pity? Did loving sympathy or tender emotion awaken in his heart? No! John Hardy saw only the unlovely types of a yet unconquered pride; and anger, not love, stirred in his bosom. Even while the ears of his sad young wife were listening for words of comfort, he was meditating sharp reproof; and when she saw his lips part, and heard the first murmur of his voice, after a long silence, her heart leaped up with an eager impulse.

"I bargained for sunshine, not cloud and tempest!"

A low shudder went electrically through every fibre of her soul. The expectant heart sunk down like lead in her bosom. But her countenance reflected scarcely anything below the surface. Calmly—so it seemed to her husband looked her spirit forth.. Mr. Hardy was irritated.

"A contract is a contract." He spoke with cold severity. "And, among men, such things cannot be violated without loss of honor."

Still the eyes of his wife looked out calmly upon him—still her countenance remained impassive—there was no motion about her lips—no indication of feeling. His words seemed as if flung back upon him mockingly.

"I am tired of all this, Jane," he said, after waiting for some response. "Clouds and tempests were never to my mind. I like clear skies and sunshine."

Mr. Hardy had seen, more than once in his lifetime, blows given with such stunning force, that the body receiving them was deprived, for a brief period, of even respiration. But it never once occurred to him, that the heavy blows his strong arm was inflicting upon a weak, sensitive woman, were in as full a measure depriving her spirit of even the power to make a sign of suffering.

"Heaven help us both, if life is to go on after this fashion!" he exclaimed, rising from the table. "It is well said that woman is a mystery!"

Mr. Hardy stood and gazed down upon his wife, who sat with drooping eyelids and unchanging expression. She saw not the aspect of his countenance with her natural eyes; but all its terrible sternness was mirrored to the eyes of her spirit with blasting distinctness.

"Jane! will you speak to me?"

As quickly as the glancing of a thought were the eyes of Mrs. Hardy raised to the face of her husband. A few moments they looked at each other steadily.

"Will you answer me, Jane?"

"I will. Say on."

The evenness of her tones a little surprised Mr. Hardy.

"Do you think that all this is loving and right?"

"To what do you refer?"

Still the voice was very calm.

"To your purpose to thwart my desires. To make the home I had pictured in the future as a paradise, a darker, colder, and more wretched place than the dreary world out into which our first parents went, when thrust forth from Eden."

"I have no such purpose, Mr. Hardy; and God is my witness that I speak the truth. As your wife, I will strive, earnestly, in the sight of Heaven, to do my whole duty. This I have already pledged you; and I now renew the pledge. If strength fail me—if the burden be too heavy—if I fall by the way—the weakness must be forgiven for its own sake. But if I can bear up, I will. Only have patience with me, John! Don't lay your hand too heavily upon me in the beginning. I trust to be stronger and more enduring by-and-by."

There was no trembling or failing of the voice, no drooping of the steady eye, no sign of wavering as she said these words.

"You speak as if I were a tyrant, and you a slave!"

Mr. Hardy was angered, rather than softened by her words. Pride, not tenderness and sympathy, was aroused.

Mrs. Hardy did feel the quick rising of an indignant impulse at this ungenerous blow, and, under its influence, she answered—

"I have at least made one painful discovery."

"What?"

"That between the lover and husband, there is as wide a difference as between Cancer and Capricorn."

"Jane!"

Mr. Hardy's brows contracted, and he looked angrily upon the young creature he had wooed with loving words from the warm home-nest, where only love had been the aliment of her soul. Looked angrily upon his young wife, who, never from childhood up to the ripe years of maidenhood, had gazed into angry eyes.

But she quailed not. With her, the sharper agony was over. The truth had come, ere this, in all its hard, stormy, crushing power; and now the life-lesson she had to learn was endurance.

"I have said it, John." She spoke low, and sadly, yet not with apparent weakness. "Perhaps, like some things that you have uttered, it were better if the thought had died in silence. But spoken thoughts can no longer be hidden secrets. You have the painful conclusion to which my heart has been driven; and it may be well that it is so."

Mr. Hardy was confused and silenced, not only by the firm demeanor, but by the words of his wife, that sounded strangely to his ears.—That she could intimate anything wrong or unreasonable on his part, confounded him. What had he done more than to act upon the defensive? Had not all his trouble originated with her? And now, to be charged back by implication, with wrong treatment, was, in his mind, but adding insult to injury. He saw that a new spirit—one of retaliation—had been aroused in his wife, and just then he did not care to drive it into further action; and so, after returning for a few moments longer her calm, unvarying look, he left the room, and went forth without a parting word, to his daily business.

Very uncomfortable did Mr. Hardy feel—nay, more, he was positively unhappy. But he took no blame to himself. Pride gave no place to self-accusation. Calmly he reviewed the subject of his marital relations; and the review only made stronger the first conclusions of his mind. He had asked nothing that was not reasonable and natural. "In taking a wife," he said to himself, "does not every man look to the establishment of a home? Who could imagine that, on this question, any division were possible? Who could dream that a wife would make objection? Was I to yield here?—to give up the dearest wish of my heart? No! All the manhood in me says no! I cannot, I must not, I will not be driven aside! Tears, vapors, sharp words, nor impenetrable silence can move me! I will be granite to all opposing forces. Yes, John Hardy will be the ruler of his own household. His judgment shall be law."

Again, as thought went on reviewing his unhappy relation, and memory recalled words and incidents, he said—"The unkindest cut of all—the husband and the lover. Cancer and Capricorn! I shall never forget that were I to number Methuselah's years. What can she mean by such conduct? But this assumption of injured innocence will avail nothing. I am on her track, and though she double upon me like the panting hare, again and again, I will never yield the pursuit. John Hardy is always right with himself; and, right with himself, he cannot be wrong towards others. I have asked nothing unreasonable—have set no foot, in trespass, on her prerogatives—have sailed under no false colors. Yes—it is all right with John Hardy!"

And thus he fortified himself, looking only on one side of the question, and seeing only that aspect of the case which flattered his pride, and encouraged his self-will.

"I can hold out as long as she can." So he continued talking with himself, as thought, ever and anon, turned from business concerns to this matter nearest his heart. "John Hardy has great endurance. It is but a question of time; yet of all time, if needs be. I can and will endure to the end—even to the end of life. When John Hardy is right, he never yields even the fraction of a hair. If he were to yield, he would cease to be John Hardy."

And thus, through all the hours that intervened until his return home, did the ungenerous young husband continue to think bitter things against his wife, and to fortify himself in opposition. When he laid his hand upon the door-knob, and entered with a firm step, at dinner time, John Hardy was all right with himself. His head was erect, his countenance composed, his blue eyes calm even to severity. His wife met him with smiles and loving words; and, for a little while, he was deceived into the belief that they were outward signs of real feeling, and accepted them as such. At once, the coldness of his exterior gave way; light beamed from his countenance, his tones were gentle and his words kind.

"How much better this, than clouds," he said, as they sat together on one of the sofas. He had taken her hand, and was holding it lightly in his own. "Oh, Jane! shall we not always have light in our dwelling?"

Mrs. Hardy did not answer, but her husband felt her hand thrill in his clasp, as if some strong emotion had suddenly awakened in her heart; and, at the same time, he was conscious of a perceptible shrinking away from him. Instantly his feelings changed; and the accusing spirit re-entered his heart. There was a dead silence for the space of several minutes. The hand of Mrs. Hardy still lay in the hand of her husband, but it lay there passively, neither giving nor receiving the slightest pressure. Then it was slowly withdrawn, and with the motion a sigh broke on the still air—a low, faint sigh; yet painfully distinct to the ears of Mr. Hardy.

"I cannot breathe an atmosphere like this!" he exclaimed, suddenly starting to his feet; "I shall die of suffocation."

And leaving the room with a firm step, he took up his hat, and before Mrs. Hardy had even time to imagine his purpose, had passed from the house. As he shut the street door, the bell rung for dinner.

It was some minutes before Mrs. Hardy had strength to rise from the sofa, so stunned was she by this unexpected conduct on the part of her husband. A second time the dinner bell rung, and then, for appearance sake, she forced herself to walk as far as the dining-room, where the waiter stood expectant.

"Mr. Hardy has gone out," she said, in as firm a voice as it was possible for her to assume, "and I do not know how soon he will return—perhaps not until evening. I am not very well, and do not wish anything. So you can remove the dishes from the table. If Mr. Hardy comes back you can replace them."

It did not escape the waiter's observation, that her face was pallid, and her voice husky. He had his own thoughts on the subject, which he did not fail to express on returning to the kitchen.

"I have begun, and I shall go through, cost what it may!" said Mr. Hardy to himself, as he sat down in a state of remarkable calmness, to eat the dinner he had ordered at a refectory; "the fiercer the tempest, the sooner it is over. If gentle measures avail not, harsher ones must be adopted. There is one thing certain—John Hardy can stand the racket as long as Mrs. Hardy; who will find, before she is done with

this business, that in setting up her will against mine, she has reasoned without her host. When John Hardy knows he is right, John Hardy never yields."

Excellent John Hardy! In his own eyes a pattern man!

From the dining-room, Mrs. Hardy went up, with wavering steps, to her chamber, and after shutting and locking the door, she sunk upon her knees, and lifting her eyes, in which were no tears, upward toward heaven, prayed thus. The utterance was despairing, rather than hopeful.

"Oh, Lord! Give me light, patience, strength! Show me the true path, and help me to walk therein, even though sharp stones cut my feet at every step. Oh, Lord! Pity and help me! I am lost in a trackless desert; and the darkness of old Egypt is around me. I have no wisdom of my own to guide—no strength of my own to sustain—no light in my heart to show me the way. Oh, Lord! Pity and help me!"

And thus she prayed for a long time, writhing in her agony. But no light came—no strength was given. The heavens seemed as brass to her petitions.

From her knees she arose at length, and in her weakness and despair threw herself across the bed. How long she had lain thus, when there came a rap at her door, she knew not, for suffering brought a partial paralysis of feeling and suspension of thought. She started up and spoke.

"Jane!"

It was her mother's voice. The door was opened and Mrs. Enfield came in. Too short a time was given to the daughter to school her exterior, and the forced smile with which she greeted her mother, revealed more of suffering than pleasure. Tenderly was she enfolded in the maternal arms, and fondly were love's kisses laid upon her lips and cheek.

"Are you not well, dear," Mrs. Enfield asked with concern.

"Not very well. My head aches severely," was answered. "I have been lying down since dinner time; and must have slept. What time is it?"

"After four."

"Then I have been sleeping. How is father?"

"Right well. He wants you and John to come down this evening."

"Does he? Tell him that if Mr. Hardy has no other engagement we will see him. Dear father! So loving, so gentle, so good! Since our brief separation, tears come into my eyes whenever I think of him. If all men were like him, what a happy world this would be! But—" after a pause—"all cannot be like him; for he is best of all."

"How is John?" Mrs. Enfield inquired, without seeming to appreciate the remarks of her daughter.

"He is well," was simply answered.

"Delighted, I suppose, with the new home upon which his heart was set. I'm a little afraid, Jane, that we erred something in making even the smallest objection to his wishes in this respect—seeing, as we now do, how the attractions of a home were magnified in his eyes. He showed, perhaps, a little too great eagerness in the matter, but, if we put ourselves in his place, we will not be so greatly surprised that it was so. Here centred for him the highest ideal of life; and he was disturbed at any thing which came in between himself and the full realization of his wishes. We must have patience with him, and make many allowances. All men are not like your father, Jane."

Mrs. Hardy only responded with a sigh. But she was gaining temporary power, in the externals of her life, over the weakness of a crushed and suffering heart.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Enfield, "one of the greatest errors we commit, and one from which the awakening is most painful, is the error of imputing virtues in perfection to those we love. But weakness and imperfection are inherent in all that is human. Even the best men and women that live, are only withheld from evil by the power of Divine love."

"I shall grow wiser as I grow older, and gain more experience, dear mother," replied Jane. "Wiser in seeing the right, and stronger to bear."

"Life is not all a day of golden sunshine," said Mrs. Enfield. "And it is well for us, perhaps, that it is not so. We might become too deeply in love with this world, and find in its mere natural and fleeting life too intense enjoyment. It is through a death of natural life, that we are raised into a life that is spiritual and heavenly."

Mrs. Hardy sighed again, but did not answer.

"You must not expect too much of John," resumed the mother cautiously. "He is all right at heart, and loves you truly. Few men have such high moral purposes—few such noble aims. All the ground work of his character is good. In the beginning there may be a little jarring in the machinery of your lives as they take the same motion, and for a time there may be a painful want of accordant action. But all will run smoothly in good time."

"I will believe it, dear mother," said Jane, in a voice, the low quiver of which struck a pang to the heart of Mrs. Enfield. "Time is the great restorer of harmonies."

"It is, my child; and also the great reconciler. Our path of life leads upwards as well as onwards. At every step we rise a little higher, and our vision gains an ampler circle. What to-day is dimly perceived, to-morrow stands out clearly shaped, and in true relation to its surroundings. Objects now so much in shadow that they seem only hideous deformities, in a little while, as we ascend, and get a sunnier aspect, appear to us, as they really are, forms of truest beauty."

Mrs. Enfield paused; but her daughter made no response to the sentiments just uttered. In a little while other subjects of conversation, less embarrassing in their nature, were introduced, and Mrs. Hardy acquired a more cheerful tone of feeling. It was late in the afternoon when her mother left, with the parting injunction to be sure to come down with her husband after tea.

This visit was a timely one. An earnest effort had been made by the daughter to throw off the dreadful state of depression from which she was suffering, and she was, in a good degree, successful. After her mother left, this better tone of feeling enabled her to make such preparation for receiving her husband, as promised something better than silence, tears and reproaches. She tried to forget his cruel conduct at dinner time, for, whenever thought went back to that incident, her heart stood still for a moment and then gave a bound that sent the blood leaping in burning pulses through all her veins.

At last she heard his hand upon the door, and his footsteps along the hall. She was in the sitting-room, but did not go down to meet him, thinking it best to wait until he came up and joined her. How breathlessly did she look for his appearance; how anxious was she, lest the first glance at his countenance should meet a cold, stern, angry aspect. He ascended the stairs, and passed the sitting-room door without coming in, keeping on to the chambers.

"Jane!"

How suddenly she started to her feet. It was his voice calling to her; and the tone was kind, even affectionate.

How lightly she sprung away, bounding in a few steps from the room, and answering as she neared the chamber,

"Here I am, dear."

There was warmth on her cheeks and light in her eyes, as she came into his presence, and laid her hands into his, that were extended towards her. He bent down and kissed her. So sudden was the transition of feeling, consequent on this tender reception, that it required the strongest efforts on her part to keep from tears. And why should tears be restrained? Ah! they were signs of pain, not joy, in the eyes of her husband, and she dared not permit their flow, lest he should regard them as rebuking messengers sent forth from a troubled heart!

Not the remotest allusion was made to the unhappy incident which, a few hours before, had darkened their soul's horizon. Both were desirous to have that pass, for the time, into deepest oblivion. While they yet talked pleasantly together, tea was announced, and they went down, arm in arm, to the dining-room. This proved the most home like meal they had eaten together in their new dwelling. After it was over, they went into the parlors—Mr. Hardy had on his slippers and dressing-gown—and the young husband, as he moved backward and forward the entire length of the two elegantly furnished rooms, with his wife on his arm, could not help, in his self-satisfied pride, from repeating to himself—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

The sun had set—the twilight fallen peacefully upon nature—and now the brilliant gas lamps were burning in the dwelling of Mr. Hardy, from which the world was all excluded. How very independent of this outer world he felt—how entirely satisfied with his inner home-world. His wife had sung his favorite songs, and played his favorite airs, and exerted herself to please him in every possible way that she could think of; and she was altogether successful. Mr. Hardy's spirit was basking in sunshine. Something of his high ideal of home was being realized.

"Mother was here this afternoon," said Mrs. Hardy, as her husband laid his hand upon a favorite volume, from which she knew he purposed reading some passages aloud.

"Ah! was she?"

"Yes, and I promised her, that if you were not engaged for the evening in any other way, we would go down to-night. Father sent particular word for us to come."

"Oh, but I am engaged," replied Mr. Hardy, half smiling, half serious.

"Are you? I'm sorry. Father will be disappointed."

"Not so very much, I presume. It isn't an age since he saw you."

"It may seem an age to him," remarked Mrs. Hardy, the slightest apparent depression in her tones. "But where are you going?"

"To stay at home," was firmly answered. "My engagement is with my wife this evening."

"She will excuse you."

Mrs. Hardy tried to speak very lightly, and to smile in the gayest manner. But neither effort was entirely successful.

"Ah, but I don't mean to be excused."

"But father will expect us, John. I told mother, if you had no other engagement, we would come, and if they learn that we stayed at home, they will feel hurt."

"I didn't authorize you to speak for me, did I?"

"I thought it would give you pleasure to give me and them pleasure," replied Mrs. Hardy; "and believing this, I spoke confidently."

"Charity begins at home, you know, Jane—" Mr. Hardy was very self-composed, and spoke with a quiet smile playing about his lips—"and afterwards diffuses itself. I want to cultivate the home-feeling a little—to get used to my slippers and dressing-gown. We men, after a day's battle with the world, feel too comfortable at home to care about making night forays. No, Jane, I cannot go out this evening."

Mr. Hardy was in earnest, and the tone in which he spoke the closing sentence satisfied his wife that he had not the slightest intention of complying with her wishes.

As a simple incident in their lives, unconnected with any unpleasant antecedents, this little circumstance could have had no power to mar their happiness. It would have been only a passing ripple on the surface of things, while all remained peaceful below. But it stood in too close a relation, unfortunately, with much that was painful to both of them, and, in the pause that followed Mr. Hardy's last remark, both were conscious of the intruding presence of a shadow, the unwelcome precursor of an enemy to their peace.

Mrs. Hardy said no more on the subject. She did not even trust herself with the words—"Let it be as you wish, John," although they were on her lips. She feared to speak, lest more of disappointment should be visible than she wished to appear; and so she sat in silence, with her eyes cast down.

Mr. Hardy's evil genius now found easy access to his mind, and at once began to whisper accusations against his young wife. He opened the book upon which he had laid his hand at the beginning of the conversation, and running over the leaves, selected a passage, and commenced reading aloud. As he did so, he perceived that his wife turned herself slightly from him. She was not herself conscious of doing so; although such was the fact.

Mr. Hardy read on for some time, while his wife sat perfectly still by his side. Then he paused, and made some remarks on what he had been reading. His wife's response showed plainly enough that her thoughts were not with the author's, upon whose beauties her husband was descanting. Mr. Hardy read on again, and again stopped for comment, this time purposely asking questions that his wife could not answer, without betraying her state of entire abstraction.

"Oh, well, if you don't wish to hear me read," he said, in an offended tone of voice, shutting the book as he spoke, "I have no desire to worry you with my poor performances."

"Oh, John! don't speak so to me!" Mrs. Hardy turned upon her husband an appealing look. "I always like to hear you read. Go on again, won't you? My thought was, for the moment, wandering. We cannot always help that. Read on, won't you? and, please John, don't speak so to me any more! You don't know how hard I find it to hear any tones from your lips that are not full of love."

"Speak to you in what way, Jane? I don't just understand you."

There was affected surprise in the manner of Mr. Hardy.

"As you spoke to me just now?"

"How did I speak to you?" Mr. Hardy was cold and imperative.

"As if you were offended with me."

"And so I am."

"Oh, John! I cannot bear it!"

"Cannot bear what?"

"That you should feel anger towards me."

"I am not angry. What a silly child you are."

"Then read on, won't you?"

"No. Why should I? Your thoughts are far away from here. No book can interest you this evening."

"I will be all attention. Don't stop reading."

But Mr. Hardy, instead of re-opening the volume, tossed it from him upon the table, in a pettish manner.

The full heart of his wife could bear no more. Tears would flow. To conceal them she turned herself from the light, so that her face was hidden from her husband's eyes. Mr. Hardy noticed the movement, and gave it a wrong interpretation. A little while he sat meditating on what he should do or say. He felt very impatient at these strange and unexpected freaks in his young wife.

"Am I," he said to himself, "to have no will of my own? No preferences? Must I, at the peril of tears and reproaches, stand ready to do her bidding at all seasons? Are her inclinings to be my law? Never! When I give up all freedom and manhood after that fashion, I will cease to be John Hardy."

"Jane." He turned towards his wife, speaking in the decided tone of one who has made up his mind. "If you have set your heart on going to your father's to-night, I will send for a carriage. I have no desire to deprive you of any pleasure. As for myself, I do not wish to go out; and shall remain at home."

Mrs. Hardy made no reply. How, or what, could she answer? Do, or say what she would, act and word were certain to be misapprehended. So she neither moved nor made any response.

"Shall I call the waiter and tell him to get you a carriage?"

Mr. Hardy spoke very firmly.

The cruelty of all this roused so indignant a spirit in the suffering heart of the young wife, that she almost yielded to the impulse that prompted her to say—

"Yes, call him—but it will be the last service I shall ever receive at your hands!"

She had even turned, with a flashing glance upon him, and the sentence was about leaping from her tongue, when the whisper of a good spirit gave power to restrain the utterance that, under the circumstances, would have been fruitful of evil. Mr. Hardy noted the sudden kindling of her eye, and the indignant flush that, for an instant, mantled her cheeks, and, for the moment, was startled. He saw that there was a spirit in his wife which it might not be well to arouse.

Not another word passed between them during the evening. Mr. Hardy took up the volume he had been reading aloud, and tried, though vainly, to get interested in its pages, while Mrs. Hardy sat for nearly an hour with her head resting on her bosom, silent and motionless as an effigy. How crushed and weak and hopeless she felt. All things seemed closing around and pressing upon her. No ray of light streamed in through the shadows that wrapped her spirit in darkness. In the despairing anguish of her soul, she prayed that she might die.

"Oh, Lord!"—thus she cried upwards—"this burden is too heavy for me! It is crushing me to the earth. Oh, let the cup pass from me. Let me die!"

And even while this cry of anguish was ascending, the thoughts of John Hardy were busy in accusations against his wife. She was the perverse wrong-doer, and he the sufferer. Her silence he called moodiness—its long continuance, her unyielding purpose to break down his endurance. "A woman's weapons," he said to himself—"and they are an overmatch for most men. But John Hardy is no weakling. He takes care to be right; and right is strong as iron. Mrs. Hardy will understand this in good time. Let her struggle on as she will. It is but the unhappy waves of passion dashing against shores of immovable granite."

Several times he was tempted into the utterance of some cold, cutting, ironical words. Mr. Hardy was an adept in the use of words—he had the organ of language—but he wisely forbore, at the expense of some self-denial.

"This is a hopeful beginning"—so his thoughts formed themselves into mental speech as his head reclined on his pillow that night—"Here is a great deal more than I bargained for. If this is wedded happiness, Heaven spare me for the future! If this is wifely submission, and loving devotion, then have I misconceived the import of words. It is plain that a struggle for supremacy has begun in real earnest; and that, before any peace is to be obtained, one side or the other must conquer. Shall I yield? Shall I step down from the manly position that is by nature my right and prerogative? Shall I be ruled by a woman? Is my reason to submit to a woman's variant impulses? Never! There is too much of the man about John Hardy for that! First or last, Jane must give way; and the sooner I can break down her determined self-will, the better it will be for both of us. It is a hard task to put upon a young husband—a sad reality in lieu of the beautiful ideal so fondly cherished—a pillow of thorns instead of a downy resting place. But, when enemies to our peace rise up in our path, the only hope lies in conquest. And so I must hold my true position with a sterner courage, and battling for the right, give heavier and quicker blows in hope of a speedier victory."

And then the self-approving John Hardy meditated new cruelties towards the wretched young creature, who, shrinking in hopeless suffering on the pillow beside him, was praying in her sharp despair for strength, patience, and guiding light. But no strength came, and not even a star-ray penetrated the darkness of her soul.

After an hour of wakefulness, Mrs. Hardy became aware, from his deep breathing, that her husband slept. Once fully assured that all his senses were locked in slumber, the power to lie motionless, or even in bed, was instantly removed, and she was impelled to arise and move about the room like some uneasy spirit. She felt strangely, and a cold shudder chilled her to the heart as the thought of insanity flashed over her mind—conscious as she was, that suffering had already drawn every fibre of endurance to its utmost tension.

"Oh, Lord, help me!" she again prayed in trembling fear. "Help me! Save me!"

And she fell upon her knees and remained bowed in spirit before Heaven for a long time. Gradually a more tranquil state was attained, and she returned to the pillow she had left, though not, for a long time, to find the oblivion for which she had prayed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1857.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, which will probably run through about eight or ten numbers:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

BACK NUMBERS.—We still can supply a limited number of back papers to the beginning of this year. Those wishing to join clubs which begun with the first of January, therefore can do so, without losing any of the early numbers.

CALICO.

At Placerville, the California ladies have formed a calico league, to which nobody can belong who is unwilling to make her appearance at church, at parties, or on the street, in a calico dress.

We commend the example of the Placerville ladies to the fair sex on this Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Was the reign of calico once fairly inaugurated, what a blessing it would prove to thousands of merchants, clerks, mechanics, &c., who are now straining every nerve that wife or daughters may appear before a foolish world gorgeously attired in silks and satins—often, as the old Quaker preacher said, "Satan within, and Satin without." For our own part, we confess to an especial admiration of calico. We always did like a pretty and neatly-fitting calico dress as well as any of the more expensive commodities. There is an air of domestic comfort about calico and muslin which silks and satins have not—the latter always have too much of an unapproachable, don't-touch-me sort of splendor. That we are not peculiar in this opinion, we argue from the fact that while calico is frequently used as an expressive synonym of the sex, silk is never honored by such an application. Writers frequently speak of the sayings and doings of Calico, but who ever wrote of the sayings and doings of Silk or Satin? As for white muslin, what could be more beautiful for an afternoon or evening in July or August?

Perhaps our lady readers do not know that the American use of the word Calico is different from that which obtains in England. In England the white or unprinted cotton cloth is called calico.

☞ If our readers should notice any attacks upon THE POST in any of what are generally styled the "Flash" papers, they will understand the reason, we hope, without any special explanation from us. In attacking the "Flash" style of literature, some of them may fancy that we intend to injure them. But so far from doing this, our design is to do them good—by influencing them to alter the tone of their contents, and thus save themselves from "old Glooty," at the same time that they elevate the literary taste of their readers.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, expresses his opinion of a rural residence for one doing business in the city, in the following emphatic terms:

Living in the country *and doing business in town*, is a "dog's life," from beginning to end, as far as New York is concerned. Instead of adding to one's comfort and quiet, it diminishes both. So far from promoting health, it undermines it; while in a business point of view, it is attended with a multitude of annoyances of every variety. We have tried it under very favorable circumstances, and speak from experience. We know that many persons think that they would like nothing better than to be able to work in town and live in the country. In some few cases it may be a comfort; it is when a man can afford to go to his place of business not sooner than ten in the morning; or if he does not go at all for any day, or two or three of any week in the year, it makes no kind of difference, having persons on the spot who will do just as well. But to be the main spoke in the wheel of any establishment, whose punctual and daily presence is indispensable, it is an unmistakable bore to live out of the city limits.

The semi-citizen is in a hurry from one year's end to another. When he goes to bed at night, among his last thoughts are—and there is an anxiety about it—that he may oversleep himself, or that the cook may be behind time with his breakfast; so going to sleep with these thoughts, the instant he wakes in the morning there is a start, and the hurry begins—he opens his eyes in a hurry, to determine by the quality of the light whether he is in time. His toilet is completed with dispatch, but instead of composedly waiting for breakfast-call, his mind, even if not on his business, will be in the kitchen. Can a man converse composedly with his family, when the fear is uppermost of his being left by the train? It is impracticable. Even with the case in a thousand, where the cook is a minute-man, he can't for the life of him eat with a feeling of leisure; maybe his watch is a little slow; maybe the train is a little before time, and the result is, a hurried and unsatisfactory meal, to say the least of it, under the most favorable circumstances.

Of course we know nothing experimentally as to living in the country and doing business in New York, but we do know something practically as to the advantages and disadvantages of living in the country and doing business in Philadelphia. Having tried the latter for the last seven or eight years, we think we are able to speak with some degree of knowledge upon the subject. Now, our opinion is, that it depends very greatly upon where you live in the country, as to whether you will find it a pleasant thing or not. In determining upon a country residence, a citizen should be governed by the nature of his business engagements. If those engagements require his daily presence, at an early hour, he should not go over thirty minutes' railroad ride from the city—by a railroad which has both early and frequent trains—and choose some place in the immediate vicinity of a station. We say railroad station—entirely excluding all steamboat landings. Steamboats should not be depended upon by such a man, who intends to live out of town all the year, unless further South than the latitude of Philadelphia. Moreover, the distance to the station should not only be very short, but the walk from his dwelling thereto should be either paved or planked; and, if lighted of evenings, it will be still more satisfactory. These conditions, in our opinion, are all absolutely needful to the citizen whose business requires his early and punctual presence every morning. If he neglect to secure them, enthusiasm, or pecuniary interest in the property where he lives, may keep him in the country for some years, but he ultimately will work his way back to town, and acknowledge to himself, if not to others, that he made a blunder in leaving.

Now, just in proportion as a man is free of his business, may he enlarge the circle of localities from which to choose a residence. If his presence in town is needed only once or twice a week, he may live almost anywhere within a two-hours' journey. It is not what we have to do weekly that fatigues and jades us, it is what we have to do daily. The same trip which we can choose a pleasant day for once a week, and which we care not a fig for under such circumstances, becomes a serious matter when it must be performed twice a day, without regard to the state of our health, or the unpleasantness of the weather.

By a resolute adherence to the views above laid down our city readers who have a drawing countrywards, may gratify their longings, and be well satisfied with the change. They must not forget however that if they have children, all we have said applies with even greater strictness. If there are no good schools in the neighborhood, the children must go to the city daily—no small matter, if the distance be great, and the railroad station unhandy.

As to our own citizens, of all the places around Philadelphia, Germantown is decidedly the most convenient. In fact, it is almost the *ne plus ultra* of the citizen seeking a rural home. He is there within a half-hour's ride by railroad, and a very little more by horseflesh, of the city—has a good market, if he does not choose to raise his own vegetables—has very fair schools, though a first-rate one for girls is greatly needed—has both gas and water, at tolerably high prices—has a beautifully shaded Main street, and scores of new streets that will be shaded when the trees grow—a healthy, porous soil, two hundred feet above the level of the city—and good society around him to associate with. To be sure there are drawbacks—for instance, a somewhat extortionate water company, a gas company, whose reign we hope is drawing to a close, and a railroad, whose somewhat penurious and inefficient management is a frequent theme for either laughter or censure, in accordance with the mood of those who suffer from it. Still notwithstanding these drawbacks, inevitable probably in a world of sin and wickedness, Germantown is the place of all others for those doing business in Philadelphia. It presents the most advantages, and the fewest disadvantages of any location we know of. But even in Germantown there is a great choice of situations; and the busy citizen will do well to pitch his tent as near some railroad station, and as convenient to stores, schools, marketing, &c., as possible.

Thus, when properly located, living in the country and doing business in town, is among the practicable things. And he does well, we think, who enables himself to cut loose at evening from all the care and turmoil of the city—even, as a general thing, from its artificial and often frivolous amusements—and seek the solace and the calm of rural scenes and breezes. The daily change to the purer air of the country, of itself will add several years to every busy citizen's life; while he will find his wife and children much stronger and ruddier than when his residence was in town, with a yard for the little ones scarcely large enough for a country child to turn around in. Besides, there will be some chance of his children's acquiring a knowledge of country things, of horses and cows and gardening, which they would not be able to do in town. Even the fact that in the country there is room *for* pets—for dogs and ponies and chickens and pigeons and lambs and rabbits, is of itself an almost sufficient reason for living there if possible, when one considers how the simple pleasures and impressions of childhood throw a glory over the whole of after life.

FLASH LITERATURE.

Perhaps we could not give a more impressive idea of the state of much of our periodical literature, than by quoting the following from the *New York Herald*:

A "Social Reformer" complains bitterly of the injury done to the morals of the community by the quantity of flash literature with which we are now inundated. Each writer in this field of composition works as though in the lowest depth of horrible depravity there existed a lower deep, which it is his business to reach and explore, for the delectation of those whose morbid tastes can only be gratified by the filth which is thus turned up. The staple of publications of this sort is in fact the romance of crime and prostitution, which is invested with all the horrors that depraved imaginations can impart to it. One of the principal reasons, he thinks, why these prurient compositions find so many readers, is that we have no international copyright law, and hence no sound and elevating literature adapted to the reading of the masses. Writers of education and conscientiousness can find no adequate inducements to invest their mental capital in popular literature. There is a heavy moral responsibility weighing upon Congress for permitting the longer continuance of such a state of things.

Just to think of it, even a correspondent of the *New York Herald* alarmed at the corrupt state of American literature! What must it have come to!

We do not agree, however, that an international copyright law would be any remedy for this state of things—we are not able to perceive that it would touch the matter one way or the other. The fault lies in the public taste—and that it is the business of good writers, of moralists, of teachers, and of ministers to correct. So long as a large class of readers have an appetite for such garbage as is referred to by the *Herald*'s correspondent, so long will unscrupulous publishers be found to gratify it, for a consideration. Even the "Social Reformer" who thus writes to the Herald, probably buys that paper because he knows that if there be any fresh social corruption exposed, the *Herald* will have the earliest, fullest and most minute account of it. It would be well, therefore, for him to begin by amending his own tastes. The mind which takes delight in loathsome and prurient details of real criminality, is precisely on a par with that which revels in similar horrors and corruptions of a fictitious character. We said once, and we now say it again, that what is styled "yellow covered literature" does not depend for its character upon the fact that it describes the fictitious only. The man who finds enjoyment in perusing the minutest details of the last divorce or other similar case, what right has he to exclaim against a corrupt literature? He is deep in real mud himself—and has the impertinence to censure others for wallowing in fictitious mire!

One thing, however, we must in fairness add. That is, that in our opinion, there has been a decided improvement both in American periodicals and books within the last ten years. On the other hand, we are afraid that the daily press has experienced a decline. We are inclined to think that daily papers calling themselves "respectable," will now publish details of crime which they would not have ventured to spread before their readers ten years ago. Competition with the flash dailies, seems to have gradually produced this change in their conduct; and public sentiment appears rather to approve it than otherwise—being controlled too often more by a vicious curiosity than by a sound and discreet judgment.

THE COMET.

We wonder if there is any comet coming the thirteenth of June next. We wonder, if does come, whether it will come into contac with the earth. We wonder, if it does whether the effect will be only exhilarating, or whether it will scorch up the globe an all its inhabitants to cinders. We wonder this is the *fortieth* time that the prediction tha a comet would put an end to our old earth, h been made. We wonder if that is any reason the prediction should not come true some day. We wonder whether the world is getting any better prepared for its final end. We wonder whether those who grew pale at the possibility of a grand smash-up in June next, ever think that they may be safely stowed away in six feet of ground before that time. We wonder whether this human animal, man, is not the most sublimely silly, as a general thing, of the whole tribe of animated nature—knowing that he must die, always fearing death, and never prepared to die.

☞ Mr. C. S., of the *Monticello Female Institute*, sends us a Meteorological table of the weather at Monticello, Mississippi, during the month of January last. We cannot make room for it at length, but may mention that eighteen degrees is the lowest to which the mercury de scended; while the average temperature at eight in the morning, ranged from thirty forty degrees. The weather therefore, wa quite endurable at Monticello—but whether that, or a colder range of the mercury, is best calculated to bring out the roses on the cheeks of young lady pupils, we shall have to leave fo our future travels, and personal inspection, determine. At the time Mr. S. wrote—th 26th of February—the peach and plum tree had been in blossom several days.

Mr. S. winds up his letter as follows—which we do feel a little flattered by, notwithstanding his injunction:—

Among all your friendly testimonials, I can not think you will feel flattered, when I tell you that, in all the periodicals coming to my address, I could better dispense with *all*, than with the Post—which has come to me about ten years.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED.—An amiable contemporary says that THE POST has been asleep for twenty years, but is now making an effort to get awake. We do not know about the twenty years, but we do know that THE POST has *quadrupled* its circulation during the last *ten* years and if this much has been done when we were "asleep," what may not be expected when we are once fairly awake?

THAT MILK STORY.—We are informed by Mr. Godey, of the Lady's Book, that the Milk Story in our last paper originally appeared in the March number of his well-known and widely circulated periodical. All right, Mr. Godey—it is not the less amusing on that account. But how are we to know what your book contains when you never send it to us?

OUR FIRST SOCIETY.

The interest that American society and government have for the world, lies in the fact that both are regarded as an experiment. If we had accepted as truths the underlying principles of European polity and life, and were attempting to achieve a historic success upon them, we should hear no doubts expressed as to the result, and far less criticism as to the effort, from foreigners of every nation. But it is not so. We have set up a new ideal of society and government; we have announced the Democratic principle as the philosophy of our nationality; we have declared that on this new and magnificent continent we will carry out a political and social system, better and more beautiful than Europe can show. We have said, virtually, that we will not take our model from the Old World; that we will not ape, or copy, or plagiarize, but be original and manly and true. Our greatest parchment proclaims the doctrine of the natural freedom and equality of man as the central principle of the Republic.—Our greatest institutions are all founded upon the idea of the equal value and dignity of all mankind. That idea does not recognize high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, wise or weak;—it only recognizes Man. The government, the churches, the schools, the colleges, the newspapers, the books, the laws, the amusements are to be for all. "Our first society" shall be no more privileged than our thirty-first society. Monopolies shall not be.—We will have things as democratic as the air and sunshine; the mud-digger shall have as much as he can by nature, and the merchant prince shall not, if he could, have more. Plebeian shall be as much respected as Patrician, as his manhood deserves as much respect. His vote shall count as much, his dollar buy as much, his coarse-clothed children shall sit in the same school with the rich-clad offspring of the millionaire, and all the honors and the offices, the prizes and the benefits, shall be as much within th reach of him and his as human law can put them within the reach of any man. We will not have castes, or classes, or the degradations of accident in America; we will have man respected and honored for his manhood, no matter what his wealth, his culture, his occupation, his intellectuality, so that his hands are free from crime. Innocence shall be the basis of our aristocracy. All innocent men shall be accounted estimable men, and shall mix and mingle with each other freely, at their own pleasure. At one stroke we have cut loose from the snobberies and fooleries of Europe; at one spring we have burst away from the traditions and conventions of the Old World; and the aim and the effort of the Republic, expressed through every institution, custom and law, shall be to prove that it exists and operates for the same cause for which it was founded, which was declared by one of its greatest papers to be "the cause of human nature." All and more to the same effect, is what is expressed in this new experiment of society and government in America. Therefore it is that Europeans regard us with a curious eye.—Therefore it is that they sneer and satirize and scoff when we deny our professions by our practices;—saying when we retort that we are no worse than they are—and saying most justly—"You have a right to be better than we are; we are all that we profess; but you don't live up to your professions."

It is well that Europeans thus rebuke us. Such criticism is a healthy provocative to virtue. All criticism is valuable that reminds us of the ideal we have established—of the stand we have taken—of the difference between our theory of society and government, and all other theories—and that stimulates us to make our country the admiration and the hope of the world. Yet it is something to regret that such criticism should be justified by our practices.—It is not pleasant to think that despite our lofty ideal and noble national philosophy, fine clothes, hands of money, costly furniture, handsome houses, and other toys and trifles, get most of respect, and man as man gets little or none. The general disposition is to value people not for what they are, but for what they wear, or for their money, or for the houses they live in, or the offices they hold, or the books they have written, or the society they move in, or for some extrinsic matter of one kind or another. This is particularly true of a certain set of ridiculous people in our cities who are desperately bent upon establishing in this country a system of snobbery, the conception of which is the most contemptible that ever infested mortal brain.—These nincumnoddies, who are mostly the sons and daughters of stable-keepers, merchants, shopkeepers, mechanics, or people of various other useful and honorable callings, have taken into their silly heads that their wealth constitutes them the "first society," and accordingly they have arranged themselves into regular caste, and refuse to hold social communion with men and women in every respect their superiors. The airs of these persons are delectable to behold. The importance they attach to things which so many pieces of coin will buy, and the contempt or indifference with which they regard things which are unpurchasable, constitute the most amusing phase of insanity which invites observation anywhere out of Bedlam. Their dresses, their demeanor, their behavior, their language, their intonations, their habits, their attempts at exclusiveness, their efforts at superiority, and their social schemes and enterprises are equally surprising and absurd. In America these people are all the more remarkable as being the express and palpable reverse of what people in this country should be, and the contradiction of all the hopes and desires of the good and great who struggled to make this land the bright, surpassing example to all nations. They crystallize and cohere in all our cities;—but their head-quarters—the place where they seem to have reached the very utmost pinnacle of their intense inanity, and where the tricks they play before high heaven are the most fantastic,—would seem to be New York. It was there that Mr. George William Curtis caught their daguerreotypes, and put them in the "Potiphar Papers." It was there that Mr. George Wood poked and pricked them pungently with his "Modern Pilgrims." It is there that the most delicious and authentic portraits of their form and pressure may at any time be obtained.

Lately—we cite the case just by way of example—simply to show to what complexion snobbery can come at last—these Babylonian nobles, having already made themselves the jests of the wits and the caricaturists by their silly affectations and ecstacies about actors and musicians, devised a scheme which strikes us as the very sublimation of the apex of folly. They could not listen to Gottschalk, the pianist, in company with their fellow-beings; music is spoiled and turned to discord when heard by any but "our first society;" the admission of a single carpenter, or fireman, or shop keeper, or decent poor person of any profession, into the magic circle of that audience breaks the dulcet charm, and the piano howls and squeaks against the intruder, of course! All this being notoriously true, and the formation of Hindu cliques and castes being perfectly in accordance with the genius of American society, these persons boldly and beautifully arranged a series of morning concerts, to which the vulgar could not come. Dodsworth's hall in New York, was hired; the tickets were limited to four hundred; and the leaders of the *fon* engaged Brown, the sexton of Grace Church, to carry out the details of the plan. This Brown, besides being the sexton of that fashionable church, in which not one of the twelve apostles would be permitted to sit, unless he demeaned himself to wear dandy clothes, and looked *distingue*, acts as the autocratic arbiter of fashionable weddings and funerals, is a recognized Master of the Ceremonies to "our first society," knows who belong to "our first society" and who do not. On this occasion, it is reported, Brown's office was to skim the cream—in other words, to see to it that none but the very first society should be admitted to the morning concerts. This he did; and afterwards, arrayed in kids and cambric shirt, with unexceptionable trowsers, a coat that Brummell would have approved, and vest of price, he met the gaudy ladies at the door, and escorted them with most emphatic bearing to their several seats. During the concerts were intermissions, in which lunch was handed around by a squad of black flunkeys, hired for the occasion, and liveried in knee-breeches, white stockings, white cravats, and white gloves. Such were the features of this latest phase of exclusiveness.

In Philadelphia, an attempt was made to get up this kind of performance, so worthy of a democratic republic. For some reason or other, we rejoice to say, it failed. We wish we could say that we think "our first society" in this city too good and great to make such a success possible.

If this deplorable snobbery were incapable of contagion, it would not be worth while for the journalist to buckle on his pen and smite it. But it spreads from the "first" society, through the circles of the second, and the third, and the fourth, sparing only those despised and rejected persons who are too poor or depraved to be proud and shallow and inhuman. In all other grades of social life we find the devotees of Dives. If social station or large possessions were the sign of great moral qualities, people might be excused for venerating them. But in a large fortune, how many mean dollars there are! Through what tortuous and dirty ways social position is often gained! How much of the flint, the fox, or the snake there commonly is in the world's successful men! Are not these things well known? Are those of whom this world is not worthy often found among the millionaires or the dandies? Yet we find unnumbered people reverential to, or anxious to mingle with, mere incarnate cotton-mills, banks, plantations, ware-houses, professions, or modish clothes, and turning away from valor and virtue unrecommended by such mere accidents. To all this we enter our objection. Manhood is enough; womanhood is enough. All else is but convenience and means to ends. Is Mary the peasant mother of the Saviour, less than the daughter of the wealthy Jairus? Is Jesus less than Joseph of Arimathea? Is wealth, or social elevation, more than manliness or womanliness? Whoever pays respect to money, or raiment, or the fine house, or the famous name, and shuns the nobility and character of that man or woman whose clothes are cheap, or money scant, or house mean, or name unknown, is an infidel to his republicanism and his christianity. The clique and the caste do not belong to America, and the attempts to engraft the unnatural and disgraceful customs and follies of Europe upon the American stock, call for the most unsparing denunciation and the keenest ridicule. Our national faith and form alike oppose any effort to build up an aristocracy, or partition off the people of this country into grades and classes, on the basis of birth, of money, of knowledge, or of any acquired or factitious condition. To be born at all is to be born well. To be poor is just as honorable as to be rich. To be unversed in books is as respectable as to have a library stored away in the memory. Our natural affinities are sufficient helps to our proper mates, or the company we shall move in. The people that are congenial to us, are the people for us—no matter what they do, or what they own or do not own, or what they wear, or where they come from. We want no barriers set up in America. The barriers that God made are enough. Our natural likes and dislikes, our attractions and repulsions, will cause us to gravitate properly to the place in which we belong, or the people with whom we would associate. The world has its hundred aristocracies—let us have one Democracy in America. Here let us make the attempt, at least, to have a state of society in which the saints, the heroes, and the laureates we venerate in history, would have loved to abide. Give us one country where nothing shall be so sacred and honorable as virtue and character.

We do not undervalue gentility. Far from it. We do not think that great qualities are so admirable in the rough man as they are in the gentle man. It is always pleasant and grateful to look upon a courtly and cultured person. We believe in good manners. We agree with Burke that they have a mission—that they "vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in." We have no prejudice against the gentleman or the lady of society. It is only against the pretenders—the fine feathers that do not cover fine birds—the churls and the clowns that assume a superiority and a character to which they have no claim, and who cast their puny contempt on charcoalmen and washer women, who are in every respect worthier than they—it is only against these that we launch our protest. They deserve all we can say of them; they are the worst and the most insidious enemies to the liberties, the virtues, and the interests of this country, and the pulpit or the press that is dumb while they practise their debasing follies, and spread the subtle epidemic of their example to infect weak and thoughtless men and women, must be accounted recreant to its duty.

☞ The timid man is alarmed before danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it.

The above is floating about on the sea of newspaper literature. It has a fine sound—and yet, if it be true, it strikes us that the "brave man" is the greatest coward of the three.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The latest foreign news reports the defeat of the English Ministerial party in the House of Commons, on Mr. Cobden's motion of censure relative to the war with China. The vote on the motion was—yeas 263, nays 247—a majority of 16 against the Ministry. Usually, such a triumph on the part of the Opposition would be the signal for the Minister to dissolve Parliament, or resign his office, but it is thought Lord Palmerston will do neither one nor the other.—What effect the success of the motion will have to abate the hostilities at Canton, remains to be seen. Judging by the tone of the articles and the correspondence of that portion of the British press which favors the war, one might think that an effort is being made to excite the popular mind against the Chinese by recounting certain barbarities committed by the people at Canton against foreigners, and thus to create a popular feeling which would sustain the ministry in any further filibustering measures they may choose to engage in. The appeal is insidiously made to the national pride, the pluck, the love of domination, the hatred of defeat, and the minor passions and prejudices which are as strong in all men, as the above are in the men of England. Thus, the *Times* prints a private letter in which we are told that "matters are growing worse and worse" and "will continue so till we have a force to give the Chinamen such a thrashing as they never yet have had." Galling to the Anglo-Saxon mind is the conviction that "matters" are not growing better when the amiable Seymour has done so much, and the "honor" of the British nation seems to be involved in the successful termination of the attacks on Canton. Grateful, too, to the Anglo-Saxon mind is the proposition to give anybody a thrashing, whether he deserves it or not, and this simply because to give a thrashing implies the ability to thrash, and ability is what we all plume ourselves upon as the sign of our superiority over "all the world and the rest of mankind." All this the letter-writer knew when he dipped his pen into the inkpot for the *Times*. So he goes on to say that "the Chinese have burnt down the factories" (*our* factories—what presumption!) and "driven us within fifty feet of the water;" (*us!*—driven *us*—the English—oh! fellow-countrymen!) They "are making Whampoa so unsafe that the Admiral is abandoning it," (horror! forcing a British Admiral to give ground! Spirits of Nelson, old Bonbow, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, what do you say to this!) "They have taken the Thistle, murdered all the foreigners on board, and burnt her!" (Vile, audacious, bloodthirsty wretches!) They "have nearly taken another steamer," have had the unexampled impudence "to attack her Majesty's ships, Comus and Hornet, and were only driven back with great difficulty." They "have taken an American cutter," (arouse, oh, Yankees! come in and help us!) and "it is feared they have taken three river steamers!" "This," sums up the *Times* man, "this is a pretty state of things for foreigners!" The moral of which remark, as of the whole letter, being, "Rule Britannia," and "Britons Strike Home." It is not curious, of course, that the provocation the Chinese have received should not be dwelt upon. Clearly it was their duty when one cheek was smitten, to turn the other also, and when they did not do it, they were very properly bombarded. It is, of course, very wrong for the trampled worm to turn upon the trampling heel. It was, undoubtedly, all right and proper to set Consul Parkes and the gang of unscrupulous officials with whom he is in company, to pick a quarrel with men who did not wish a quarrel; to commit a flagrant act of injustice, such as the affair relative to the lorcha Arrow; to insultingly demand reparation for an injury that was never committed, and to refuse it when it was offered; to order up a fleet of men-of-war, and throw red-hot shot, bombshells, and other projectiles into a crowded city, setting it on fire; to slaughter the inhabitants, destroy property, subvert order, give opportunity to the lowest of the population to rise in lawlessness and crime, infuriate the Chinese in every possible manner, and then to complain of the natural consequences of such efforts as these!

The Chinese mandarins, governors, and other officials are undoubtedly very low, bad men—probably as bad and low as the officials of Naples, of Austria, and of some other countries.—The coast people and the poor are without question as vicious and degraded as the thousands of abandoned persons who infest the suburbs and purlieus of Liverpool, London, New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston, and other great cities in various parts of the world. If they can possibly be more degraded and vicious than these, we do not know it. But no amount of depravity in the people or tyranny in the rulers—no acts of ferocity, lawlessness, and general savagery that can be cited against either—can form the slightest justification for the unchristian conduct of a Christian nation towards them. This English foray against Canton is still black, even if the Chinese resistance to it is dark brown. The man that puts a match to a mine, is responsible for the explosion. Every barbarity the Chinese may commit during this war, is referable at once to those persons who began the war.

At present, it appears that the Chinese have taken the offensive. The bombardment of Canton did not seem to their perverted sense a humane or pacific act, and they have been exasperated by it to the highest pitch. The movement against foreigners has spread from China to Singapore where the foreign residents have been compelled to arm themselves against the infuriated Chinese and Malays. The people everywhere have alarmed the English by the unusual courage they have displayed, and the vigor and boldness of their attacks. After the burning of the western suburbs of Canton on the 12th of January by the English, an assault was made by the Chinese upon the British ships, and upon the Tee-totum Fort. It was repelled with difficulty. The attack was well concerted, being made at low water when the large ships could not manœuvre. Admiral Seymour was obliged to abandon the Dutch Fort, and the Factory Gardens, and take position lower down the river. Edicts have been issued by the various Mandarins, offering rewards for the assassination of the English, and for incendiarism, and every measure that a barbarous people can employ against their assailants, is brought into requisition.

The balance of the news is of no great moment. Sir John Crampton, who left this country in disgrace, has been appointed minister to Hanover. The Neufchatel negotiations at Paris are reported to be somewhat hitched, and the diplomats are squabbling. The treaty between Persia and England is not yet signed, but hostilities have been suspended. Denmark and the German Diet of Sleswick, are bickering with each other, the German State claiming to be oppressed by the centralizing policy of the present Danish ministry. It is feared that a war between Denmark and the whole German confederation may grow out of this quarrel. Spain still prepares for an attack upon Mexico. The wife of Bomba was delivered of a prince and heir to that baleful throne, on the 28th ultimo. On the 2nd inst., the Liverpool workmen held a large meeting, and adopted energetic measures for the promotion of an extensive emigration to the English Colonies. For the English poor, emigration seems now to be the only condition of existence. Things must have come to a bad pass in that country, which sees as England did lately, thousands of workmen with their tools on their shoulders, parading the streets, singing in solemn and sombre chorus Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and the Chartist lyrics of starving labor. Clearly, emigration is the only safety valve for such an engine of society and government.

An American Triumph in England.—Over the editorial head of Lloyd's Weekly (*London*) Newspaper, has stood for some time the following displayed announcement:—

ARRIVAL FROM AMERICA
OF THE
SECOND MONSTER PRINTING MACHINE!
THIS COLOSSAL MACHINE
Has arrived, together with the
AMERICAN ENGINEERS,
Who will superintend its erection.

Not only an *American* Machine, but *American* engineers to superintend its erection—it being doubtful whether the *English* engineers were capable! This is quite a feather in Brother Jonathan's cap.

The *London Times*—the great "thunderer" itself—also has engaged one of Hoe's presses—but with the provision that it shall be manufactured in England. The *Times* does not like to give Jonathan any more credit than is absolutely necessary; therefore it purchases the idea, because it cannot help itself, but resolves to have English hands put it into form. It would be rather amusing if there should happen to be any failure in the machine thus entrusted to English workmen to manufacture. It would be a standing joke for a year or two.

New Publications.

My Last Cruise, or Where We Went and What We Saw. By A. W. Habersham, Lieut. U. S. Navy, and late of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Our readers who have undoubtedly perused with pleasure and profit the series of contributions published from week to week, for some months, in the Post, under the title of "Glances at my Last Cruise," ought to need no other inducement to purchase this volume, of which the articles printed under the above caption in our paper, constitute about one-fourth part. To that entertaining and instructive fourth, are now added the other three-fourths, equally entertaining and instructive, and also fresh and new. The book is beautifully printed in large, clear type, on stout and white paper, and is embellished with a number of engravings, very graphic and spirited, and unusually illustrative of the text. In this form, it will decorate any library. Of the excellence of its contents our readers are enabled to judge by the specimens we have given them in the Post. Our own opinion of the work is good and high. It is not disfigured by any priggery or affectation of any kind, or by the futile attempts at jocosity, the flippancy and the "fine writing," which are the faults of the majority of books of travel. The author, as seen in his book, is a frank, good-natured, intelligent man, who, in telling us of the countries and the people he has visited, has no other art than "to speak right on." He tells an honest story, always picturesque, wide awake and diverting. He has visited lands of which we know little, and now gives us his own knowledge in an off hand and unvarnished way. It is like listening to some friend who has just returned from the far countries; he sits with you, and spins his yarn to your great satisfaction. This, moreover, is the only account the public have had of the doings of the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, no official report of that commission having yet been published. The scenery of the book is laid among the Malay and Loo Choo Islands, and in China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia and the mouth of the Amoor river. The Japanese and Chinese experiences are very interesting, and have a particular attraction for us who like to know something of the curious conservatives who inhabit that part of the world. The views we have of Kamtschatka and Siberia are also very attractive. Now and then the narrative of adventure becomes dramatic and exciting, as in the story of the chase of the Siberian bear, the narrow escape from shipwreck in the Ochotsk Sea, and other "perils by flood and fell." One such book as this is worth more, in mere point of entertainment, than three-fourths of the novels that are bought by a deluded public. For the truth of travel is stranger than the fiction of fancy, and, as it happens, vastly more satisfying. The amount and value of the information this work contains, ought to secure it a wide sale. It is well worth owning, and has our best word in its favor.

The Works of Charles Lever. In four volumes. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Here we have "Charles O'Malley," "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," "Arthur O'Leary," "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," "The Knight of Gwynne," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Kate O'Donoghue," and "Horace Templeton,"—bound up compactly in good style in four volumes. We presume every one knows how much fun and spirit these frolicsome and rollicking Irish novels contain. Our own favorite is the "Knight of Gwynne," which is written in a deeper and more serious strain than the others, and affords a wonderfully vivid and dramatic picture of Ireland as it was half a century ago. Its central figure, Bagenal Daly, is a grand character, grandly drawn.

Lectures on the British Poets. By Henry Reed. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

These well-considered and graceful essays were delivered as lectures, in the year 1841, by Mr. Reed, then Professor in the Pennsylvania University. Without being at all original or profound, they are characterized by wide knowledge, fullness and correctness of statement, general judiciousness of observation, an appreciative spirit, and a quiet and effective eloquence springing from a scholar's calm interest and pleasure in his themes.

Vivia; or, The Secret of Power. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Vivia, as our readers remember, was originally published in our own columns. It now appears in a handsome and clearly printed volume, uniform with Mr. Peterson's edition of Mrs. Southworth's works, in which form it reads to more advantage than it possibly could on account of its great length when continued from week to week in our paper. As a novel it is not without faults, among which might be mentioned the impossibility of a character like Ada Malmaison, the unreality of Vivia herself, who is rather the impersonation of a principle than a flesh and blood woman, and the Frenchiness of some scenes and sentiments, here and there. On the other hand the book contains, as Senor Joseph Valdivielso, the appointed censor, said of *Don Quixote*, "nothing prejudicial to religion or good morals," and has great interest and much merit. Basil Wildman is vigorously and nobly conceived and rendered. Theodora is a quiet and pathetic figure, painted with alternate hues of life and dreams, and wins acceptance, despite the paradox of her plastic weakness and executive power. The minor characters are especially well done—particularly the negroes. Nelly Parrott is an amusing specimen of the house goblin. The scenery of the book is often fine, noticeably so in the delineations of night and storm, as, for instance, the intensely pictorial description of Mad River and the surrounding landscape after the tempest. The vision of the ghost of Basil with "the strange, vanishing chorus" of airy voices which precedes it, is a piece of true and wierd imagination, and has a vivid and ghostly reality. Considered altogether, Vivia is a good, though unequal, story, and has chapters and passages of great talent.

Ten Thousand a Year. A Novel. By Samuel G. Warren. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

It is hardly necessary at this late day to say anything of this well-known novel, which is now reprinted in one volume, clear y printed and illustrated. Spite of its bitter and cynical scorn for the lower social classes, its stubborn and unreasonable Toryism of politics and principles, its unabashed partisanship and varnishing of the Sir Leicester Dedlocks and Lord Barnacles of English society, and its minor and literary faults—such as the outrageous Bunyanism of such names as Quirk, Gammon, Snap, Crafty, Bladdery Pip, the Rev. Smirk Mudflint, Bloodsuck, etc—all the more flagrant, in point of art as of fairness, by their contrast with the nice rose-pink elegance of Delamere, St. Aubin, Aubrey, Aylward Elvet, and the like, which are, of course, the expressive cognomens of Mr. Warren's daring aristocracy in whom there is no guile—spite of all these things, we say, "Ten Thousand a Year" is a work of great power and merit. The reader, resisting the disposition, with which the work inspires him, to become the Jack Cade or Wat Tyler of criticism, will linger contentedly with Titmouse, a fair specimen of the scrubby snob, made more snobbish and scrubby by the accident of wealth, or with Gammon, a bold and carefully limned delineation of the plotting and worldly villain, or with gentle Kate Aubrey, the English violet of the volume. The work shows an intimate, though acrid, acquaintance with men and life, and apart from its sour, hard sneer and exaggerated tone, is exceedingly fine.

Poems, National and Patriotic. By G. W. Cutter. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Major Jones' Scenes in Georgia. Illustrated. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

CANZONET ON CRINOLINE.

When lovely woman, hooped in folly,
Grows more expansive every day,
And makes her husband melancholy,
To think what bills he'll have to pay.

When in the width of fashion swelling
With air-balloons her shirts may vie,
The truth—(what hinders Punch from telling?)
Is that she looks a perfect—Guy!

☞ The Chinese word for eyelids is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears.

☞ A Sunny Smile.—Sydney Smith said of Lady Murray's mother, who had a most benevolent countenance, that her smile was so very radiant that it would force a gooseberry bush into flower.

☞ "I believe the jury have been inoculated with stupidity," said a lawyer. "That may be," said his opponent, "but the bar are of opinion that you had it the natural way."

He who from love to God neglects the human race,
Goes into darkness with a glass, to see his face!

☞ There is frequently more truth in the common acceptation of general terms than in the more precise and rigorous definitions of science. Common sense gives to words their ordinary significations; and common sense is the genius of humanity.—*Guizot.*

We have been younger—see our hands' age tells the story there!
For Time is like the hunter's hound that chases down the hare
But who will grieve for absent locks that years have laid to sleep,
While wigs at Dollard's may be bought so very black and cheap!

☞ It too often happens that where there is much almsgiving there is generally much misery and dependence, and the best charity is frequently that which furnishes employment, awakening the better qualities of our nature by directing the physical and mental energies into profitable channels, and bringing into existence cheerful and generous impulses.

Had the cat wings, no sparrow could live in the air:
Had each his wish, what more would Allah have to spare?

☞ True wisdom is a thing very extraordinary. Happy are they that have it, and next to them, not those many that think they have it, but those few that are sensible of their own defects and imperfections, and know that they have it not.—*Lillison.*

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to Heaven by the tempest thrust.

☞ To Catch a Night-Mare.—Take a mince-pie just before going to bed, eat it, wash it down with a pint of brown stout; swallow a lot of chicken salad and some cold lobster, if you can find it; jump into bed, lie flat on your back, and in half an hour you will dream that a horse is sitting on your lap, with Bogy on his back.

She shyly lifts her eye's blue windowlet
Her heart flies out into my bosom's net.

☞ Holy music reveals to the souls of men a past which they never have known, and a futurity which in this life at least, they can never know.

☞ He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

PERSIA AND GEORGIA.

Persia, with which government the English have lately been embroiled, and which, during the last century, has been the prey alike of Affghans, Turks, Arabs, and Russians, is, perhaps, the most ancient monarchy in the world. Certainly, when viewed in an historical light, it is one of the most interesting countries in the world. It was anciently the nursery, if not the cradle, of the human race. Physiology and philology combined seemed to prove that the Germans, whom the Romans could never subdue, were the descendants of colonies of Persians, who had wandered from the shores of the Caspian Sea. Even in Scandinavia—the Norway, Sweden, and Denmark of our day—there were to be found resemblances of the manners, customs, and religion of the ancient Persians. Nay, the custom of lighting fires on St. John's Eve, on the tops of hills, in some places of the United Kingdom—Cornwall and Ireland for instance—is, unquestionably, of Persian origin. So that, in every sense, the Persian nation and people are remarkable. Their history is the best known of any of the nations of antiquity. First a member of the Assyrian empire, it rebelled, under Arbaces, against Sardanapalus, and became once more independent, A. M., 3146. The great Cambyses added Media and Egypt to his dominions. Princes of that line reigned until the whole Persian monarchy was overthrown by Alexander the Great A. D. 3635. After that the Persians were, for about eighty years, under the Syrian successors of Alexander, and 456 under the kings of Parthia, of the Arsacidean race, branches of which still survive in Georgia, Armenia, and high up among the Caucasus. Artaxerxes restored a native dynasty, which flourished until overthrown by the Saracens, who, in turn, were overturned by the Tartars under Tamerlane. On the dissolution of the empire of the latter Persia became ruled by princes of Armenian origin, afterwards by the Affghans, and latterly by sovereigns descended from daring usurpers of the throne. All religions are tolerated in Persia, but the religion of the State and of the mass of the people is Mahommedanism, as taught by the sect of Ali, the son in-law of the prophet. The Turks are followers of the law as upheld by Omar, the disciple of Mahomet. Both hate each other. The Persian has, however, the advantage of being more polished in his acrimony than the Turk.

Georgia was annexed to Russia in 1802. It is a beautiful country. The plains and valleys which stretch along the foot of the Caucasus are among the most prolific regions in the universe. The countries in the neighborhood of Ararat, in which mankind appear to have made their earliest settlements, seem also to be the indigenous soil of most of our European fruits. The vine was first cultivated in Armenia. But the part in which nature has most prodigally bestowed her favors is that part of the ancient Colchi which lies south of the Rioni or Pharos. The humidity which distinguishes the climate of Mingrelia produces a vegetation of unusual vigor; while in Gouriel, a little to the south, a serener sky is joined to productions of the soil still more various and luxuriant. The pomegranate, peach, nectarine, and fig, the vine, the chestnut, cherry and pear, form, as it were, the underwood of the country; the hills are decked, the forests are skirted, with those natural orchards; while the finest timber, such as oak, beech and elm, cover the mountain sides. Industry in the provinces languishes under the cold shadow of Russian despotism. The principal tribes in the Caucasus are the Circassians, the Abazes, the Georgians, the Lesghi, the Chetchens, the Kists, the Ossets, the Tartars, and the Turcomans. The religion is Mahommedanism, but vestiges of Christianity are still to be found in the superstitions of these wild people.

☞ To be a great man requires only courage enough to support adversity.

☞ Pleasure unattained is the hare which we hold in chase, cheered on by the ardor of competition, the exhilarating cry of the dogs, the shouts of the hunters, the echo of the horn, the ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure attained, is the same hare hanging up in the sportman's larder, worthless, disregarded, despised, dead.

☞ The truest seeker after Fame may be the man who labors to make his children useful and honorable in their generation. In this way editions of his works may go on multiplying, instead of perhaps sinking into oblivion with his own time.

☞ The smallest and slightest impediments are the most annoying; and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.

☞ "Massa, Dandy Sam made a combinderum!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Pose I shoot bullet troo deal board wid him pistol, what else I make beside round hole?"

"Give him up?"

"Why, I make a riddle."

☞ Princes learn no art truly but that of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer; he will throw the prince as soon as his groom.

☞ Many books owe their success to two things—the good memory of those who write, and the bad memory of those who read them.

☞ Eliza Cook says that they who are honest only because honesty is the best policy are half way to being rogues.

☞ Some eloquent preachers are like those fine artists who paint windows, and thereby obscure, and in too many instances exclude the light.

☞ Thou can'st not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou may'st a friend into an enemy.

☞ The greater the acknowledged merits of any one, the more severe will be the sentence passed upon any of his defects, real or imaginary.

☞ We should practice temperance, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it; it is the glory of a man that hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

☞ "Fred," the prince of wags, was getting home rather late, and a little happy; when, passing by a dark alley, a large, two-fisted fellow stepped out, seized him by the collar, and demanded his money. "Money!" said Fred; "money I have none; but if you will hold on a moment, I will give you my note for thirty days."

☞ We converse with those we love through flowers; with those we worship thro the stars.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE,

AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Tapp, Mr. Tapp, sir?" said the waiter, briskly; "no sir."

"Tapp, Tapp?" said the landlord, shaking his head reflectingly; "no, sir; no."

"Sure?" said a grave looking man in black, to whose inquiries these negatives had been addressed. "Somewhere about forty years of age?"

"Sure, sir," replied the landlord; "that is, not as I knows."

"A short gentleman, rather stout; florid complexion," pursued the grave man; "generally wears blue with brass buttons and black stock; baldish."

"No, sir; haven't seen him, to my knowledge. In course, sir—"

This dialogue reached my ears whilst standing at the door of the hotel at Dover, at which I had passed the night. I was bound for Calais, and was waiting to see that my luggage was all brought down stairs. Just as the landlord uttered the last words recorded, the porter, having completed the lading of his truck, began wheeling it away to the packet. I followed him, and so lost the conclusion of the sentence.

Of course, like other people, we had the roughest passage of the season. Nevertheless, we arrived without accident, as travellers generally do; and starting by the evening train for Paris, I found myself on the following day, comfortably established in my favorite hotel.

We had a very agreeable company at the *table d'hote*, where I was fortunate enough to recognise several of my acquaintances; and one day, when a new guest entered the *salle-a manger*, and was greeted with a welcome recognition by some of the party, Mr. H——, my next neighbor, turned to me and observed, that his wife often said she was sure this planet of ours could not be so large as was asserted; for she had remarked that the same people were always turning up upon it.

I remember I had come home very hungry from my drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and I was at that moment discussing a delicious *ris de veau, sauce tomate*; so, not over-disposed for conversation, I only replied to the remark by a smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. H——, "I suspect it's but a shabby little world, not much bigger than a large orange. Henry, do you remember Tapp?"

"Tapp?" said I, raising my head.

"Yes," said Mrs. H——; "when we came to Paris, a fortnight ago, we did nothing but run against a man who was always inquiring for somebody of the name of Tapp."

"Why," said I, "I met the very man the other day; at least I suppose it was the same—a tall, solemn-looking man in black."

"Precisely," said Mrs. H——. "His sole object in life seems to be to discover Tapp. We met him in Paris, we met him at Versailles, we met him at St. Cloud, always asking anxiously at the hotels if they had got Tapp. Who can Tapp be, and what can he want with him? I have no doubt that at this moment he has got hold of some hotel-keeper, and *is asking him for Tapp.*"

"I can answer for it, that is what he was doing last Tuesday morning," said I; "for I detected him in the fact at the door of the Ship, at Dover. It's odd enough; perhaps he's a monomaniac possessed with the idea of Tapp."

"Or an officer in pursuit of a criminal," suggested Mrs. H——.

"Or of a debtor," said Mr. H——. "He wants to tap Mr. Tapp on the shoulder."

"I wonder what sort of person Tapp is?" said Mrs. H——, with characteristic female curiosity. "I can hardly fancy Tapp a black-looking villain."

"I should think Tapp was rather a genial sort of fellow," said Mr. H——.

"Tapp," replied I, gravely, "is about forty years of age; short and stout, with a florid complexion and bald head. He usually wears a black stock, and a blue coat with brass buttons. I am disposed to think Tapp is in the military line."

"A regimental Tapp," said Mr. H——.

"Why, you have actually seen him, I do believe," said the lady, rather inclined to be jealous of my superior information.

"No," I replied; "but I heard his description from the man in black; and woe be to Tapp if I come across his path! I shall certainly put an advertisement into the *Times*, announcing that T-pp is discovered, and will be forthcoming on payment of a handsome reward to the advertiser. I shall stipulate for something considerable."

"How do you know that Tapp is not some innocent victim, pursued by that demon in a black coat? His *signalement*, as the French call it, rather prepossesses me in his favor; and if I meet him, I shall decidedly warn him of his danger."

The conversation now turned in some other direction; and although we often alluded jestingly to Tapp and his pursuer, I neither saw nor heard anything of either of them during the month I was in Paris. At the end of that time, the heat becoming oppressive, I started for Belgium and the Rhine. I stayed a week in Brussels, ran over for a few days to beautiful old Antwerp, and then proceeded to Spa.

I took up my quarters at the Hotel d'Orange; and after one of Monsieur Duchesne's excellent dinners, I went with all the rest of the world—the Spa world—to hear the band on the Place Royale. Meyerbeer was there; and they played some of his overtures so well, that I think the great *maestro* must have been pleased. He goes there every summer; and rides a black donkey, which has the honor to be called by his name, and on which he is said to seek inspiration from the beautiful scenery around.

As is the case with everybody who goes to Spa, I met several acquaintances on the promenade; and when the band ceased playing, we walked up to the Redoute, where I looked over the newspapers, and then approached the roulette table to see what was doing there. The player that seemed to be most attracting the attention of the lookers-on was a man with a long white beard, who had a heap of gold and notes before him; and I watched his varying fortunes with interest for some time, till, his store beginning visibly to decrease, he pushed back his chair in disgust, and left the table; his place being immediately taken by another eager aspirant for fortune's favors. This move of his caused a general one among the spectators; and I and a friend who was standing beside me went round to the other side of the table, and took up a position exactly behind the centre croupier; when, casting my eye along the row of faces that were now presented to me, who should I behold seated exactly opposite but—Tapp! I was as sure it was him as if I had known him all my life. There he was; about forty years of age; short, stout, baldish, with a (somewhat faded) florid complexion. There was the black stock, the blue coat, and the brass buttons. I have said somewhat faded, because it was not the florid complexion of full health; you could discern that the color had been higher, but that it was in some degree paled by sickness or trouble. He was playing *tres petit jeu*, only two-franc pieces; but he punted every time, and seemed quite absorbed in the game. I watched him for several minutes with a strange feeling of curiosity, during which he never raised his eyes from the green cloth. At length, putting my fan before my mouth, I whispered to my friend,

"Do you know the name of that gentleman opposite, with the brass buttons?"

"No," said he, "I don't. He lodges at the Flandre, and sits opposite me at dinner; but I have not heard his name. He has only been here a few days."

We spoke so low that it is impossible the stranger could have heard us; but at this moment he looked up, and our eyes met. He saw that we were talking of him, and he colored, and evidently became nervous. I instinctively moved away, not wishing to increase his distress, whoever he might be; but I was so convinced he was the man, that I could not help every now and then taking a distant view of him. He continued playing for some time, and then I missed him; he had left the room whilst I was in the adjoining one.

I could not get it out of my head that this was Tapp; indeed, I felt sure it was, and I could think of nothing all the evening but the oddness of my meeting him; wondering, too, if it proved to be as I suspected, whether I should speak to him, and tell him about the tall man in black and his inquiries.

"But if he is a criminal," thought I, "I should be defeating the ends of justice, and it is scarcely likely anybody but a criminal would be so pursued. Perhaps he is a fraudulent banker, or an embezzling clerk, or something in that line. He does not look like an assassin, certainly; but those smooth, bald-headed men are very deceptive sometimes. He evidently became uneasy when he saw we were observing him."

These were my waking reflections; and when I went to bed, I dreamed that I was pursuing Tapp along Pall Mall, till he reached the Army and Navy Club, into which he entered; whereupon I discovered him to be my own son, with whom I was walking arm-in-arm through the Place Vendome.

A lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance was lodging at the Flandre; and the following morning I resolved to call upon her, urged, I confess, by a restless desire to learn something more about the blue coat and brass buttons. I rang the bell, and inquired if Madame la Baronne de B—— was at home. The waiter said she had not yet left her chamber; and I was just thinking how I could put another question to him, when Colonel V——, my companion of the preceding evening, having just finished his breakfast in the *salle a-manger*, *came to the door with a cigar in his hand, which he was preparing to light.*

"Good-morning, Colonel," I said; "I came to call on Madame de B——, but I find she has not left her room. A fine morning."

"Very," said he; "by-the-by, that man's name is Tarp; he's there at breakfast, and I have just asked the waiter. Perhaps he means Thorp or Tharpe—the man you were asking about last night, I mean—he of the brass buttons."

We were standing with our backs to the hotel; but as Colonel V—— uttered the last words, I turned my head, and there was Tapp immediately behind us. He, too, had come to the door with his cigar, and must have heard the conclusion of our dialogue.

I bade Colonel V—— good-morning, and moved off with the greatest celerity. "I shall become the poor man's *bete-noire*," thought I. "He'll take me for a police officer in petticoats."

However, my suspicions were now confirmed; but reflection decided me to communicate my discovery to nobody, except, indeed, to my son, who quite coincided with me as to the propriety of silence.

"They are probably pursuing him for some fraud or defalcation," he said; "but we have nothing to do with it, and it is best not to interfere. He can't escape long if he comes to such public places as this."

I met Tapp no more that day; on the next, wishing to get a little information without directly asking for it, I inquired of Colonel V—— if there were many English at the Flandre.

"More than half the table is filled with English. Two or three went this morning. Mr. and Mrs. G—— are gone, and your friend of the brass buttons, too—he's gone."

"Oh, he's gone, is he?" said I, wishing to hear something more.

"I heard him last night asking for his bill; and as he has not appeared to-day, I conclude he's off."

I confess to feeling disappointed. I had promised myself some amusement in watching the proceedings of this mysterious individual, and had flattered myself I might perhaps witness the *denouement* of the drama. The tall man in black might overtake his game here; and, after the catastrophe, I should have the pleasure of relating what reasons I had had for grave suspicions, and how prudently I had kept those suspicions to myself. However, he was gone, and probably I should never hear any more of the matter; though I could not help thinking that the uneasy feeling I had created had hastened his departure.

Twice more on my route Tapp crossed my path, or rather I crossed his; once at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was approaching a table where the newspapers lay; but on seeing me, he turned round and went into the adjoining room. I had taken him by surprise, and he was evidently too nervous to control his first emotion. The next time was at Cologne, where I saw him on the platform at the station. He had apparently arrived by the same train as myself. This time I do not think he saw me. I was wondering whether we should meet on board the Rhine boat the next day; and I examined the passengers with great curiosity; there was a crowd of all nations and languages, but he was not among them.

This was the last I heard of Tapp for some time; but when I left Paris, I had intrusted Mr. H—— with a small commission, requesting him to direct his letter on the subject to the post-office at Frankfort. There I found it: and I was not a little struck by the following passage:

"My wife is quite triumphant about her theory. Who should we meet, when we got to Ostend, where we embarked, but the man in black, inquiring for Tapp. We laughed so heartily at the sight of him, that we must have quite shocked his gravity."

CHAPTER II.

"Don't sit there fretting over that letter, but do come to bed, Maria."

I was on the summit of the Righi when I heard these words proceeding from a female voice in the room adjoining mine. Like everybody else there assembled, we were to see the sun rise the following morning, *if we could*; and as I had gone to bed very early that I might be the better able to encounter the fatigue of the next day, I was annoyed to hear two people conversing so near me. Whilst I was undressing, the noise I made myself prevented my distinguishing what was the subject of their discourse; but when I had lain down, my bed being close to the thin partition, the voices sounded almost as if the speakers were in the room with me.

"He'll never allow himself to be found, never, I'm certain," said a second speaker, who, by the tone, I judged to be younger than the other.

"Nonsense," said the first; "how can he help it?"

"How has he helped it these three months, when no pains have been spared? It's my opinion he has left Europe altogether, and gone to America."

"No, no; Tapp will never go to America; he hates America, and everything belonging to it."

I sat up in bed and listened attentively.

"Well, Australia, then!"

"Not he; he hates Australia, too."

"How absurd, mamma! How can he hate them when he never saw either? Besides, when a man knows the police are after him, he'd go anywhere."

"The fact is, you are determined to keep me awake, and make me ill, Maria, I am sure I have suffered enough, without your adding to my troubles. I know you'll say it was my own fault."

"No, I shan't," said Maria.

"I know it was my own fault, and I never can forgive myself for being so infatuated; but I've done all I can to repair it, and I shall never cease till he is discovered. You know, Tapp is not a common name; it's not like Smith or Johnson."

"How do you know he hasn't changed it?" answered Maria. "Indeed, I've no doubt he has."

"Now this is really cruel," said the elder lady, in a voice that showed she was not far from tears; "you continually reproach me, and now you won't let me sleep."

This appeal seemed to melt the obduracy of the younger lady; for I heard something like kisses, and they soon afterwards appeared to fall asleep.

For my part, I had at first thought of knocking against the partition, or rising and going to their room to tell them what I knew; but, in the first place, I should have lost my night's rest, and I was very tired; and in the next, I confess I hesitated about turning informer and giving up Tapp to his enemies. So I resolved to wait till the morning, when I should be sure to find my neighbors with the rest of the lodgers looking at sunrise. However, when we all assembled at five o'clock outside the inn for that purpose, there was such a grotesque group of strange figures, male and female, huddled in cloaks and blankets and shawls, generally thrown over their heads Bedouin fashion, that I could not even give a guess which among them was Maria or her mamma. Having really seen the sun rise over those majestic mountains, tinging their summits with that glorious purple hue, which I never saw equalled except when the sun at his setting clothed the mountains of Albania with the same royal robes, I retired to my room; and as the morning was very cold, and I knew my party were not disposed for an early breakfast, I went to bed again. For a few minutes I heard my neighbors discussing the beauty of the scene, and then I fell asleep.—When I woke again, it was half-past eight; no sound reached me from the adjoining chamber; and on descending to breakfast, I learnt, on inquiry, that the ladies who had occupied it had departed. They had gone down the mountain on the Kreuznach side; we were going down the other; so that it was clear I had lost them for the present. I really was not sorry; for although curious to penetrate the mystery, I was not at all decided what I should do in the case. Now it seemed that fate had taken the affair in her own hands; and so she had, but not in the way I then believed.

It was not very long after the above event, that I found myself at Vevay; we could not get rooms at the *Couronne*, so we went to the Hotel du Lac, where, by-the-by, they give you very bad dinners; and where, when I was descending the stairs, after selecting bedrooms for myself and party, who should I meet but my tall friend, whom I had last seen at Dover, and whom Mr. and Mrs. H—— had met at Ostend. He was not inquiring for Tapp this time, but carrying up a jug of warm water; and it immediately occurred to me that he had come to Switzerland to meet the ladies, and that I should probably find them here; and so it proved. As there are two dinners, one early and one late, there are generally not a great many people at either; and I had no difficulty in fixing on the right parties, for the tall man stood behind their chairs. The elder, a nice, ladylike-looking person; the other, a plain-looking young woman of doubtful age, and a decidedly provincial air; but the expression of her countenance was pleasing, and I felt altogether a prepossession in their favor.

After dinner, we went into the garden, and I addressed some observations to them about the scenery; and as one of the steamboats came in view, I mentioned that I was going to Geneva the next day to call on a friend, and I hoped it would be fine.

"We want to go to Geneva, too," said the elder lady. "We want to go to the banker's; besides, we ordered our letters to be addressed there. We expected to have come to Vevay by that route, but we came by Lausanne instead. Do you know of a good place to dine at Geneva? for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbors on the Righi, and that from the thinness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their conversation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name;) "for Bunbury—that's my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business;" (here a sigh escaped her,) "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have everything done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man servant speak French?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too impertinent; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Bunbury before, also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named"—here I hesitated.

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling these five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them:

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, that besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence; he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favorite *protege* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honor do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half pay list of the ——regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavor to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-town, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Bunbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M—— called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable—she had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial, common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved; but there was one chance left; Mrs. M—— had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time, had become provincial herself, and was therefore blind to the defects of her lover. A little Paris polish, she thought, might render her more clear-sighted; and the object she and her husband sought be thus attained without further exertion of authority.

Unfortunately a year's residence in Paris proved the fallacy of these hopes. Maria was dressed and drilled, and taken to theatres, to *soirees musicales* and *thes dansants*; but with no effect whatever, except to produce a considerable degree of *ennui*, which manifested itself by very demonstrative yawns. She always insisted that these things afforded her no amusement; they were, on the contrary, an insufferable bore to her, she had no taste for such a life as she was leading now, and was much happier in the village home of her aunt, where she had passed so many happy years.

At length Colonel Middlemas's *protege*, whom he intended for his daughter's husband, was discovered to have formed an attachment to a pretty penniless girl, who had been sent out on speculation; and that, together with Mrs. M——'s weariness of Maria's obstinacy, determined them to forego further opposition, and allow her to marry the man of her choice; though not without protest, and a hint that she need expect a very inferior provision to that she would otherwise had.

This point being settled, Captain T—— suddenly appeared at Paris. The truth was, he had been there some time, unknown to Mrs. Middlemas; but now he visited Maria without concealment, and Mrs. M—— endeavored to evince as little dislike to him as possible. However, she was willing enough to hasten the marriage and return to her husband; and as the ceremony was to be performed in Miss Darnley's parish church, they began to make preparations for their departure from Paris.

When Mrs. Middlemas left India, she brought with her a little packet of diamonds, which the colonel directed her to get handsomely set, during her residence in England, as he intended them for a present to his daughter on her marriage. The affair with Captain T—— had prevented her taking any steps about them; and she had written to her husband to know what, under existing circumstances, was to be done with them. The day previous to her leaving Paris, it occurred to her that she might as well show them to some good jeweler there, and hear what he said of their value, and what style of setting he recommended, before she went; so, taking Maria with her, they started for Bassot's, in the Rue de la Paix. On their way they met Tapp; and Maria, who was not at all disposed to consider Mrs. M——'s feelings on the subject, asked him to join them, which he willingly did.

The respectable M. Bissot examined the diamonds, pronounced on their value, and recommended that they should be made into a brooch and ear-rings, after such a fashion as he described. The inspection over, as Mrs. M—— said she would do, he folded them in a bit of silver-paper, which he closed with a drop of green wax, after the manner of jewelers; he then put the little packet into a small box, which he enveloped in paper and sealed with another drop of wax. This done, he handed the packet across the counter to Mrs. Middlemas; she put it in her bag, and they left the shop. Tapp escorted them to the door of their hotel and then took his leave, saying he would return later to see if he could be of any use to them.

They had now no servant but Bunbury; for Mrs. Middlemas had dismissed her French maid, whom she did not intend taking to England; so they were engaged in packing all the remainder of the day. Towards evening Tapp came; and while they were taking a cup of coffee, Mrs. M—— said to her daughter,

"Do you know, Maria, I am very sorry I did not buy that cap at Laure's to-day; after all, I don't think it was so dear, for the materials were beautiful, certainly."

"I dare say you may have it now," answered Maria; "I don't suppose the shops are shut. Send Bunbury."

"I don't know; Laure closes very early; and Bunbury is out paying the bills. Besides, I should like to go myself, to have another look at it before I decide."

"Well, Tapp can walk with us," said Maria. But just at this point of the discussion Bunbury returned.

"Oh, here's Bunbury. Then we'll go; and he shall walk with us, because he can carry home the cap, if I buy it."

"Then I had better stay here, to keep watch over all these treasures," said Tapp.

"Do, if you please," answered Mrs. M——, "for there are so many things lying about the room; and, by-the-by, I'll leave these diamonds behind me; it's no use walking about the streets with them;" and so saying, she took the little packet out of her bag and laid it on the table.

Of course she bought the cap. The following morning they left Paris, and arrived in London on the ensuing day. There Maria's *trousseau* was to be prepared; after which they were to proceed to Yorkshire for the solemnisation of the wedding; and the ceremony over, Mrs. M—— proposed rejoining her husband in India.

"I think, Maria," said Mrs. Middlemas, a day or two after their arrival in London, "that those diamonds would be useless to you in your position as Mrs. Tapp, living at a village in Yorkshire; and that it would be much better to sell them, and give you the money."

"A great deal better," said Maria. "I should never wear them; and being papa's present, I could not sell them."

Mrs. Middlemas arose from her chair, and proceeded to the adjoining room, which was her bed-chamber. There she unlocked a large trunk; and diving to the bottom of it, she drew forth a jewel case, which she carried into the room where Maria was sitting.

"I think," said Mrs. M——, "you might have a pretty set of fashionable ornaments more suitable for you, and a good bit of money over; for I know they're fine stones—indeed, Bassot said so. We'll go to Hancock's this afternoon, and consult him about it;" and so saying, she unlocked the jewel-case, took out the small packet, unfolded the outside paper, and lifted the cover of the little box, which, to her ineffable amazement, was—empty!

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

☞ Old Roger was visiting a friend who had a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend.

"What is papa?" said the "parient," in order to draw out the precocious reply.

"Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile.

"I declare," said Old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgment."—*Evening Gazette.*

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

The cold and cheerless winter snow
Is drifting, desolately deep,
Above the grave where, years ago,
We laid our brother down to sleep.

It was a pleasant, sunny day,
The wild birds sang their sweetest tune,
And all the fields and woods were gay
With the bright livery of June.

But idly vain the softest lays
That birdlings chant, or wild bees hum,
For, in the balmy summer days,
The winter of our life had come.

And though successive spring imparts
To heath and hill a verdure gay,
The grief that froze our stricken hearts,
No sun can ever melt away.

POLITENESS OF SPANISH ROBBERS

Robberies are at present extremely rare in Spain, and where they do occur, the gentlemanly deportment of the robbers is almost a compensation for the injury they do—

"Nothing he does or seems
But smacks of something greater than himself."

The following "Apostolic adventure" is characteristic, and well told:

The secretary of a certain great and wealthy man, being sent by his employer on important business from Madrid to Toledo, was obliged to go alone. It so happened that there was a band of robbers infesting the road between Madrid and Toledo at that time, who had dignified themselves with the title of "The Twelve Apostles!" and as they were twelve in number, each had a particular denomination. These gentry unfortunately met our friend, the secretary, and in the course of their conversation with him, ascertained who he was, and where he was going. They intimated their intention to relieve him of any superfluous cash or valuables he might have about him.

"Willingly, caballeros," replied he; "and indeed the more so as, save my watch and ring, both of which are very much *a so disposicion de uds*, all that I have with me is not mine, but Don ——'s, and he will not allow me to be a loser in his service."

"What you say, cabellero, is very much to the purpose. Let us see what you have."

The scrutiny was unsatisfactory.

"We shall trouble you to give us what you were so good as to name, but you must allow us to observe that it is highly unbecoming an hidalgo of such distinction as Don ——, to permit his secretary to go about so ill provided; so, in order to impress this on his mind, and on the minds of persons similarly situated with himself, you will not take it amiss if we request you to denude yourself of your apparel, order that we may scourge you with stirrup-leathers, as much as, in our judgment, nature will bear, and the exigencies of the case require."

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, "I would venture most respectfully to suggest to you, first, that if Don —— had contemplated my having the singular good fortune to meet with your worships, he would have sent his remittances, not in paper, but in specie; secondly, that as he does not particularly care about the state of my skin, the proceeding you were so obliging as to allude to, would be a punishment, not to him, who is the guilty person, but to me, who am altogether innocent; and thirdly, that you have, as a mark of my high esteem for you, all that I have about me in the slightest degree disposable."

"Senor mio," said the leader, "it is impossible not to be struck with the judgment and good sense which you display, and as a compliment to it, you shall go away with whole bones; but pray remember not to disgrace your employer by travelling again with a short purse for you never know what you may be asked for."

"Caballeros, I will bear in mind your caution. Would it be unreasonable to ask you for my ring, which contains my late mother's hair, and my watch, without which I should not know what o'clock it is?"

"Your worthy mother was a lady of great merit; but as we are all brethren, she was our aunt, and it would not be respectful in us to part with her hair; and as to the watch, we want ourselves, from time to time, to know the exact hour."

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, "I would submit, with great deference, to your superior judgment, that I am rather hardly dealt by."

"*Valga me Dios!*" exclaimed the chief; "we are humane beyond example to you. The horse is not yours, and you complain about a ring and a watch. This is St Andrew, and this St. James, peace be to them! and I am St. John—*carajo!* I should like to know how you would have come off, had you fallen into the hands of St. Paul!"

BRIBERY IN A GOOSE!—The Opinione of Turin relates the following amusing anecdote:—"In 1707, while the fate of the canton of Neufchatel remained still very undecided, the Prussian Minister at that period had recourse to several devices in order to gain over the most influential inhabitants of the principality to the Prussian interest, and one day he sent one of these gentlemen a present of a pair of geese. The individual thus favored did not think it beneath his dignity to send one of them to the market to be sold, keeping the other for his own dinner. But, alas for human shortsightedness! on proceeding to dress the unsold goose, it was found to contain a rouleau of 100 louis. Great were the exertions made to obtain the restitution of the other interesting biped, but in vain; and the unfortunate seller was obliged to rest content with what he had not been goose enough to sell."

FASTING.—Fasting has been frequently recommended and practised as a means of removing incipient diseases, and of restoring the body to its customary healthful sensation. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin for a period did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased; but why adduce authority in favor of a practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt whenever they are sick? Happily for them they have no meddling prompters, in the shape of well meaning friends, to force a stomach already enfeebled and loathing its customary food to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like.

THE OLD DRAY-HORSE.

BY GEO. W. CHAPMAN.

Along the dusty road,
Along the granite pave,
A lean old horse is dragging his load,
A patient and humble slave.
In hunger and pain he tramps
From dawn till close of day,
And still by the light of the dim street lamps,
He drags his rumbling dray.

His heart is dreary and cold,
His limbs are spavined and sore—
His withers are wrung, and with stripes untold
His back is calloused o'er
And still he onward crawls,
The meek and tired old gray,
But reproachfully turns his sightless balls
To apostrophize the dray.

"Oh, weary, lingering mate!
Oh, clinging, tiresome dray!
Wast thou ordained by relentless fate
To waste my strength away?
With shaft, and breeching, and pad,
With strap, and buckle, and chain,
To hang on my steps with a weight like lead,
I strive to escape in vain?

"For many weary years
You've pressed upon my back,
Till my sight has melted away in tears,
And pains my members rack
No word of kindness I know
From the pitiless brute I serve;
His scoffest caress, a truculent blow,
Bestowed with a villain's nerve.

"To rid your close embrace,
I've walked and walked away,
But you always double your rumbling pace,
Do you fear to lose your prey?
Like the felon's chain and ball,
You come with your creaking wheels,
And grudge me the time in my cheerless stall
I'm eating my scanty meals.

"Sometimes in dreams away,
As listless I drag my load,
I see a frolicsome foal at play
On the green and velvet sward.
The sun is shining warm,
And a streamlet gurgles there,
And the colt is prancing around its dam,
Cropping the herbage near.

"I stop to taste the stream,
Or gaze on the lovely place,
But a painful awakening ends the dream—
'Tis a blow to mend my pace!
Oh! has that gay young form
Which sported beside its dam,
From blows, from labor, from famine and storm,
Become the wreck I am?

"But I shall be free again,
My bondage goes with my breath;
And your strap, and pad, and buckle, and chain,
Will be cut by merciful death!!"
And along the dusty road,
Along the granite pave,
The mute old horse that goes dragging his load,
Your pity will sometimes crave.

—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

THE FIRE-EATERS.

BY BESSIE R. PARKES.

It was a wet and windy night when we started off on our expedition to see the celebrated ceremony of fire eating, which, with a few other amiable diversions of an equally salubrious nature, are practiced by the tribe of the Ben Assis at Algiers. We took P——— with us as protector-in-chief—large and burly enough to put to flight Arab garrotters—and toiled up the endless zigzags of the road leading, on the outside of the town-wall, to the Casbah, or ancient palace of the Deys, a huge pile now converted into barracks, an armory, &c. Here lived Hussein, the last Dey, for fifteen years, scarcely daring to put his head out of his windows for fear of his janizaries; and various black memories connected with the fortress singularly increase its mysterious attraction upon a bleak stormy night. Ali Ben Ali, our handsome Moor, who sits to C——— for a model, had promised to meet us at the Porte Neuve, and conduct us to the house where the fire-eaters were to assemble. So we picked our way with difficulty over the rough ground below the wall of the casbah, traversed by little streams swollen by the heavy showers of this unprecedented wet winter, and groped up to the arch of the Porte Neuve, which looks at least 300 years old, and fitted to conceal amidst its vast black recesses any number of Algerine pirates on shore for a holiday.

We three Europeans stood motionless in the shadow, calling "Ali Ben Ali!" till the old stones rang; but no answer came, he was not there. We then went through into the street. A street in the old town of Algiers means a steep, narrow, winding passage, often breaking off into steps, often running under the projecting upper stories of the massive white houses in a tortuous tunnel. On a windy night, when the moaning breezes rush in and out of these so-called streets, crying like the pitiful plaining voices of all the poor prisoners enchained or put to death in Algiers, the place is really awful; and the lamps, suspended by chains, in the old French fashion, at fifty and a hundred feet distance from each other, do but add to the gloom—for as they swing in the wind they reveal the blackness of the holes and archways, and the huge shadows of the houses swing one across the other like some terrific natural phenomenon, the precursor of an earthquake. "Ali Ben Ali!" we shouted in vain; but the cry brought out a Frenchwoman with a candle in her hand, at the head of a flight of steps, who eyed us suspiciously when we asked her if she could tell us in what house the ceremony of the *Hdrh* (pronounced *adra*) was to be held.

"No," quoth she, "but Arabs live in all the houses round about here;" which information certainly did not add to our cheerful sense of civilized protection.

Up and down a few of the near streets we wandered, afraid of going far lest we should lose our way and find no exit till morning,—a misery almost as possible in Old Algiers as it would be in the catacombs; and doubly tantalised by fancying every now and then that we heard fitful strains of wild native music, or wilder drumming, borne upon the air, but in what exact direction we could not tell. At length I perceived a white figure stealing up one of the dark tunnels, at the far end of which faintly glimmered a lamp; and closing into phalanx with two companions, I ejaculated,—

"*Hdrh, hdrh?*"

"Oui, oui," replied the white ghost; and signing us to follow, he preceded us down the aforesaid tunnel to the low arched door, which led, so far as any external indication could show us, into the heart of the solid rock; for it is the great peculiarity of the Moorish houses that they are windowless on the outside (an occasional loophole of the smallest dimensions excepted), being lighted from the interior court which is to be found in every mansion.—shered, not without internal tremblings at the *bona fide* mission of our guide, through the little archway, we found ourselves in a small passage leading into a square court open to the stars, which had by this time begun to show their cheerful faces. Herein were at least thirty Arabs, seated cross-legged, or standing about the court, the arcade surrounding it, or the rooms to the side, of which the thick carved folding doors stood open. I noticed that whenever they crossed the court they pulled off their slippers and walked barefoot, giving one the idea that for the nonce its marble pavement was consecrated.

We were accommodated with a bench under the arcade; and as it is never really cold at Algiers out of the wind—which is an abominable breeze blowing from the Atlas Mountains to the south—I was not at all uncomfortable, and began to watch the strange scene before me, illumined by one tall candle, which brought out the light and shadow of the court and its eight pillars into the strongest relief, tinting the wild swarthy faces of a group squatting in its immediate neighborhood, one of whom was a negro, preparing his huge tambour for the beginning of operations. They took uncommonly little notice of our presence, and talked and laughed and passed in and out for about half-an-hour; while those who were to perform on the great round tambours dried them over a brazier full of charcoal, that they might give out their fullest tone. Our faithless Ali Ben Ali was there—the only Moor among them—pattering about the court with his naked feet; also the sheik of the tribe—a venerable old figure, exactly like Michael Angelo's Jeremiah. Among the Arabs, some were very handsome, and had faces full of spirit and vivacity; others had high foreheads and hooked noses, which in England would have denoted much intellectual endowment; several more were very young—boys of fifteen or sixteen.

When they were fully assembled, and all their preparations complete, the drummers seated themselves under the arcade to our right, backed by a lighted room containing Arab spectators, and with the charcoal-brazier in front of them, struck up the devil's own tattoo; if, as I have always understood, there be such a melody upon the musical catalogue of the world. The final burst of thunder as each in succession took up his instrument really partook of the sublime; and our friend the negro worked away with indefatigable energy, as if he felt himself conductor of the band to his Infernal Majesty. When this had gone on at least twenty minutes, so that the hubbub, at first startling to our surprised senses, had in some sort softened by habit into a background for anything which might supervene, we were thrilled by hearing a loud human yelp, like no sound by civilised ears classified, and by seeing a youth apparently in a condition of demoniacal possession, leap out from among the group under the arcade, and take up his position in the court immediately in front of the drummers, who set to work with redoubled energy at this proof of the success of their musical endeavors; while the youth began to roll his head violently, moving it from the upper vertebræ of the back, so that his neck seemed as a thick cord by which to swing the seat of his soul. Such a loose and rapid motion, "backwards and forwards and round and round," I did not think a human head, attached to its trunk, capable of performing. It made me sick and dizzy to watch him; a sensation which did not lessen when the motion gradually extended to his whole body, which swayed as if made of the warmest gutta-percha, or as if every joint were separately tied on with loose ribbons. At this astounding exercise he actually continued a full quarter of an hour, moving in time to the music, and increasing his velocity when it increased in speed. To see his features was as impossible as to discern the spokes of a carriage wheel in rapid motion. He suddenly stopped, and began raging about the court, shrieking out in Arabic that he wanted "Fire, fire!" This strange demand was no sooner made than another Arab ran forward, bringing him a red-hot fire-shovel, glaring and sparkling with heat. The gentleman of the contortions took it by the handle; and then eyeing it with extreme satisfaction, deliberately licked the fiery shovel two or three times on its broad, flat side; he then struck it heavily with the palm of his hand, howling vehemently at the same time; after which he gave it back to the attendant, and went raging about in quest of more food. His desire was gratified; for the magnificent old bearded sheik, seated on a bench under the arcade opposite to our own, held out to him a huge leaf of the thorny cactus, the size and shape of a large battledore, at least half an inch thick, and covered with strong, prickly spines. Our friend crouched down before the sheik, and stretching out his mouth like a donkey intent upon a thistle, grasped with his teeth huge mouthfuls of this delectable food, howling all the time, not with pain or disgust, but with a queer sort of ceremonial satisfaction; the sheik meanwhile wearing a grim smile at the heroic piety of his follower. After which the latter got up, and walked pensively about the court with downcast eyes, while the drumming continued with indefatigable energy.—Whether it had gone on all the time, I am really unable to say.

In a continuous roar, noise becomes at last no noise at all; the fatigued ear accustomed itself to the new medium, and the whole attention is fixed on some more exciting point. (N. B. it is on this principle, applied to sight, that I understand the huge new clock at Westminster is to be faced with figures traced in points, as being visible at a greater distance than continuous lines.) Presently another Arab started up, and the same ceremonies were gone through, with this difference, that the latter had long hair, which was unbound for him as soon as the fit came on, and flew wildly about, greatly adding to the singularity of his appearance. The first Arab soon joined him; and linking their arms together, they rolled in unison, breaking off ever and anon into crazy dancing, backwards and forwards—a sort of desert polka. Two red-hot shovels were then called for, licked, and struck; then kneeling, with their arms across each other's shoulders, they placed themselves before the sheik, and together munched the cactus leaf; after which they were joined by a third, who introduced a new element in the shape of a long green snake with a forked tongue, which he placed upon the floor, and played with, in dangerous proximity to our toes, which we tucked up instantly on to our bench. Then wreathing it round his neck and arms, he joined his companions in dancing vehemently as before; and as he happened to be next me, the wild motion occasionally brought the head of the reptile very near; he shook his forked tongue at me in a way that, as I was neither a snake-charmer nor a good Mahome-

FORM OF A TREATY OF MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

FROM A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

tan, was, to say the least of it, highly suggestive and unpleasant. Presently, however, they seemed to have had enough of it, or might have feared that snaky's temper was getting irritated and his digestion upset by the unwonted motion; for they unwound him, and put him up to bed in a wooden box with a sliding lid, where I have not the least doubt that he lay and ruminated upon whether or no the fair-skinned Frank and dog of a Christian would not have proved very good to eat. In this interlude we had three cups of very good coffee handed to us; of which refreshment we were quietly partaking, when we were thrilled with horror at seeing the second of the three Arabs transfix himself with a long iron skewer, passed through his cheek and out at his mouth. After which he very quietly worked a second through the other cheek, so that they crossed between his lips and stuck out like whiskers; then catching up a quantity of loose skin and flesh in front of his own throat, he stuck that also right through with a third skewer, and raged about the court howling, while a tambour turned upside down was handed to all present for a collection of coppers. By this time we had had enough of it; so dropping some money into the tambour, we made our salaam to the sheik, and sallied forth again into the quiet streets. It was now about ten o'clock; and groping our way again out of the Porte Neuve, we reached home without any misadventure.

We will add to this veritable recital of what we saw with our own eyes in 1857, a few paragraphs from a French book of travels.

Charles Marcolte de Luivieres says, in his *Deux Ans en Afrique*, p. 43: "One evening, having filled our pockets with cigars, we went to see the *Hdrh* (pronounce it *adra*,) or fire-eaters. These are a Mahometan sect, who unite at certain seasons of the year to celebrate, after their fashion, a fete which seems to derive a remote origin from Christianity, since these individuals also call themselves *Beni Aissa*, which means to say, 'sons of Jesus.' It is said, that Aissa, being in the desert with his disciples, and these complaining and murmuring at having nothing to eat, he said to them, 'Why do you murmur? Have faith, and you will have what you desire also. Eat stones, insects, even fire; and if you have faith, this fire, these insects, these stones, will change into nourishment for your need.' It is this miracle which the *Beni Aissa* celebrated at the present day."

I have only to add the result of a few questions which I asked of Dr. Bodichon, a medical man long resident at Algiers, concerning the moral and physical effects of the *Hdrh*. He told me that the sect is strictly Mahometan; the *Aissa* mentioned by De Luivieres not being intended for our Saviour, but for the prophet of the desert, and a true follower of Mahomet. That the state of violent excitement into which they are worked by the music and their own fanaticism prevents their suffering at the time from the effects of what they do; of which, however, the fire eating part is but a trick, as it is easy to lick red-hot iron by covering the tongue with saliva in a sufficiently quick and dexterous manner; but that they are constantly ill a week after from the effects of their other experiments; and that the sheik will not permit any who are not robust in health to go through them, and turns back the delicate aspirants by putting his hand upon their heads when they leap out of the circle.

HUMOR OF DIOGENES.—A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "By what door does the owner come in?"

Being asked what was the best hour for dinner, he replied, "For the rich, when they please; for the poor, when they can."

Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gallows, he replied, "Well aimed, boy! you will hit the mark at last."

When told that his countryman, the Synopians, had sentenced him to banishment, he replied, "I have condemned them to a worse punishment—to stay at home."

Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree, he exclaimed, "Oh, that all trees would bear such fruit."

One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft; Diogenes being chosen umpire, condemned both, declaring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser had lost nothing.

Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he exclaimed, "What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn from an ivory scabbard!"

Seeing an unskillful archer shooting; he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

☞ The sun is best seen at his rising and setting—so men's native dispositions are most clearly perceived while they are children, and when they come to die.

OBVERSE AND REVERSE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

PART I.—THE EMPRESS.

Scant and frosty is my hair,
Age and care
Clog my pulse, thin my blood—
I would give my royal crown,
Gem bestud,
Purple robes and ermine down,
For the tresses rich and brown
Of a clown:
I would yield up gold and pearl,
For the bright eyes of a girl;
Prosperous counties—all my wealth,
For a country maiden's health;
Duchies wide—
All my pride—
All my armies—all my ships,
For the blood of youthful lips.

At my palace window oft—
Up aloft,
Looking down the crowded street,
I behold the maidens go,
Brisk of feet,
To the market or the show,
Laughing, tripping to and fro,
In a row;
And could hate them—woe is me!—
For their light limbs moving free,
For their brisk, elastic tread,
For their cheeks like cherries red,
For their hair
Flowing fair!
Oh! the May time I have lost!
Oh! the nipping of the Frost!

PART II.—THE SEMPSTRESS.

I wish I were an Empress,
And had a crown to wear,
A stomacher of diamonds,
And pearls to deck my hair,
And a train of purple velvet
For noblemen to bear.

I wish I were an Empress,
And sat upon a throne,
Receiving great ambassadors
From every clime and zone;
With princes at my footstool
To make my pleasure known.

I wish I were an Empress,
And rode a prancing bay,
Amid my people shouting
And garlanding my way;
With trumpeters before me—
Tooroo!—Tooroo!—Tooray!

I wish I were an Empress—
The glory of the land,
With half a dozen monarchs
Contending for my hand,
Which I should scorn to give them—
Let all men understand;

Which I should scorn to give them,
As far too great a prize,
Unless to some one handsome,
And brave, and good, and wise,
Who loved me more than kingdoms,
For the twinkle of mine eyes.

I wish I were an Empress,
My crown upon my head;
I'd feed the poor man's orphans
Who lack'd their daily bread,
And give each maid a dowry
Who needed one to wed.

I wish I were an Empress—
Alas, my cruel fate!
I'm nothing but a pretty girl,
And toil both hard and late,
And waste my youth in sighing—
Too poor to find a mate!

PUPPIES, AN ARTICLE OF FOOD IN ENGLAND.—The fact that our Chinese neighbors, as we may now call the "Celestials," are accustomed to hawk around "kittens and puppies for pies," has long been considered a national perversion of taste over which we Anglo-Saxons might venture to make ourselves merry; but Jesselyn, a writer of Charles the Second's time, in speaking of the American Moose Deer, says that animal is somewhat equivocal compliment, and at the same time discloses a curious fact, if we may so call it, by saying that "the flesh of the fawn (of the Moose Deer) is an incomparable dish, beyond the flesh of an ass's foal, so highly esteemed by the Romans, or that of young *Spaniel puppies, so much cried up in our days in France and England.*"

LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST.—The following anecdote has been sent to us:—A lady, whose love for politics is well known, recently asked Lord Brougham who, in his opinion, was the best debater in the House of Peers? Brougham, with one of his indescribable looks, unhesitatingly replied, "Lord Stanley is the second, madam." There is much to admire in his lordship's modesty not permitting him to take the honor to himself, while his sense of merit did not prevent him yielding the palm to another so adroitly.

COMMITTEES.—Committees behave worse than individuals, and do things, in their combined capacity, which they would not dare to do on their personal and single responsibility. They vainly think to shelter their misconduct under the cloak of the sentiments of the majority.

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

The parties about to contract a marriage never see each other, the whole affair being arranged by their relations, or go-betweens who are old women, who describe the lady in the most glowing terms, or the reverse, according to the presents which are made to them. One of their customs before marriage, although synonomous with our fashion of sending a lady's portrait, is most extraordinary. As the damsel cannot be seen, her shoe is sent to the gentleman, that he may be enabled to judge of the dimensions of her crippled feet—the smallness of the foot being a Chinaman's *beau-ideal* of perfection.

Daughters have no fortunes in China; but the man who is about to marry agrees to give a certain sum, which is laid out in clothes and jewels for the bride. The sums of money vary according to the rank of the parties; the Mandarins frequently giving six thousand taels for a wife (a tael being about $1 50), and the bride is invariably selected from a family of equal station.

The presents given to the female's parents, in the middle and lower ranks, are sometimes of a ludicrous description, according to our barbarian notions, being fat pigs, dried fish, live poultry, chests of tea, sugar-candy, preserved fruits, and such like unromantic gear; the quality and quantity of these presents is invariably agreed upon when the bargain is first struck.

The ceremony of the marriage is gone through at the bridegroom's house; upon the nuptial day the bride leaves her father's home, accompanied by a numerous train of attendants—the bride is placed in a sedan-chair, most profusely gilded, and decorated most gaily with artificial flowers of brilliant hues; attendants, bearing torches and flambeaux, surround the chair, the servant who bears the key of the precious casket walking nearest the sedan—for we must state, that no sooner is the lady seated in the chair than the door is locked by her father or nearest male relative, the key being given to the confidential servant, who has orders to deliver it only to the bridegroom. Numerous attendants precede and follow the bride's chair, carrying flags, magnificent lanterns, beating gongs, and sounding wind instruments; the ladies of the two families are in sedan-chairs, which follow the bride's; the male relatives and friends walking in the procession. There is a great display of presents of all kinds, which are to accompany the bride to her new home—these consist of ladies' dresses, borne on stands; carved chests, which are to be supposed to contain all sorts of treasures; stands, in which are placed jars containing samshoo, wine, and preserved fruits; cages containing the mandarin ducks, fowls, and frequently a fine fat pig, in a gaily-decorated bamboo cage, bring up the rear of the presents. The grandeur of a marriage procession is measured by the number of attendants.

A FEMALE POLITICIAN.—At Warrenton (U. S.), I met in the midst of a crowd, at a tavern, Colonel H———, formerly a member of Congress, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Philadelphia. After exchanging the usual civilities, and promising to visit him at his plantation, we parted. I proceeded to the new court-house, standing amid trees and stumps, to witness a North Carolina election, then in full progress. I, unhappily, met there a little Irishman, whom I had known in Edenton, and who was the unlucky cause of involving me in a most mortifying predicament. He soon exclaimed, "Have you seen the sight?" "What sight?" "Follow me." We passed through the mob, intermixed with some respectable planters, and a few females. "There!" says he, "did you ever look upon the like?" pointing to the most obese woman I had ever seen; and what was more striking, she appeared to be an active leader at the polls. On retiring, my malignant star led me again to stumble on Colonel H———. "Well, colonel," I remarked, "I have seen one of the strangest sights in the world—a real phenomenon. I will show you;" and in pretty much the same language the Irishman had used, I pointed out to him the lady. He made no reply, but observed he should expect me at his plantation to meet some friends at dinner the next day. I thought no more of the adventure, until approaching the mansion of Colonel H———, just as we emerged from a little copse of trees, I perceived, to my utter dismay, the same lady I had pointed out to him, sitting on a piazza, the colonel walking near her, and a group of ladies and gentlemen at the extremity. I reined up my horse, determined to make a precipitate retreat, as the best course to extricate myself from the evident dilemma; but as Mills assured me we had been observed, I saw my retreat was cut off, and decided to make the best of the affair possible. Colonel H——— met me cordially, and I was immediately introduced to the lady as his mother. My embarrassment and mortification were evident; but I was soon relieved by her kindness and affability from my awkward position. I at once formed one of the members of the family, and passed in it several of the most agreeable days. I never met a more sensible, spirited old lady. She was a great politician; and I was assured she had more political influence, and exerted it with greater effect, than any man in her county. Colonel H——— had been educated at Princeton, was a prominent party leader, and had been a distinguished member of Congress.—*Men and Times of the American Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson.*

THE RUSSIAN POLICE.—The Russian police have a finger in every pie; they meddle not only with criminals, not only with passports, but with hotels, boarding and lodging houses, theatres, houses not to be mentioned except as houses, balls, soirees, shops, boats, births, deaths, and marriages. The police take a Russian from his cradle, and never lose sight of him till he is snugly deposited in a parti-colored coffin in the great cemetery of Wassily Ostrow. Surely, to be an orphan must be a less terrible bereavement in Russia than in any other country; for, the police are father and mother to everybody—uncle, aunts, and cousins, too!—*F. Sala.*

HEARERS WEIGHED.—A celebrated parson lately preached a rather long sermon from the text—"Thou art weighed and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person was about to retire, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said—"That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

A DESPERATE CONFLICT
BETWEEN A LION AND AN ANTELOPE.

From Dr. Livingston's Travels in Africa—Unpublished.

Dr. Livingston gives a very interesting description of a fight he witnessed in Africa between a lion and an antelope. The Doctor and his guides had just emerged from a narrow defile between two rocky hills, when they heard an angry growl, which they knew to be that of the "monarch of the forest." At the distance of not more than forty yards in advance of them, a gemsbok stood at bay, while a huge, tawny lion was crouched on a rocky platform, above the level of the plain, evidently meditating an attack on the antelope; only a space of about twenty feet separated the two animals. The lion appeared to be animated with the greatest fury—the gemsbok was apparently calm and resolute—presenting his well fortified head to the enemy. The lion cautiously changed his position, descended to the plain and made a circuit, obviously for the purpose of attacking the gemsbok in the rear, but the latter was on the alert, and still turned his head towards his antagonist.

This manœuvring lasted about half-an-hour, when it appeared to the observers that the gemsbok used a stratagem to induce the lion to make his assault. The flank of the antelope was for a moment turned to his fierce assailant. As quick as lightning the lion made a spring, but while he was yet in the air, the gemsbok turned his head, bending his neck so as to present one of his spear-like horns at the lion's breast. A terrible laceration was the consequence; the lion fell back on his haunches, showing a ghastly wound in the lower part of his neck. He uttered a howl of rage and anguish, and backed off to the distance of fifty yards, seeming half disposed to give up the contest, but hunger, fury or revenge once more impelled him forward. His second assault was more furious and headlong; he rushed at the gemsbok, and attempted to leap over the formidable horns in order to alight on his back.

The gemsbok, still standing on the defensive, elevated his head, speared the lion in the side, and inflicted what the spectators believed to be a mortal wound, as the horns penetrated to the depth of six or eight inches. Again the lion retreated groaning and limping in a manner that showed he had been severely hurt, but he soon collected all his energies for another attack. At the instant of collision, the gemsbok presented a horn so as to strike the lion immediately between his two fore legs, and so forceful was the stroke that the whole length of the horn was buried in the lion's body. For nearly a minute, the two beasts stood motionless; then the gemsbok, slowly backing, withdrew his horn and the lion tottered and fell on his side, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death. The victor made a triumphant flourish of his heels, and trotted off apparently without having received the least injury in the conflict.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

At the wedding *dejeuner* recently given in honor of an aristocratic marriage, the dresses worn by the ladies were distinguished for costliness of material and *recherché* taste. They were chiefly of moire antique, satin, broche silk, or taffety. The bonnets were nearly all ornamented with barbes of lace or blonde flowing gracefully at each side. Some, however (those worn by the younger ladies), were trimmed with a profusion of beautiful flowers, disposed in a variety of ways. Large India cashmeres, pardessus of velvet, and manties trimmed with rich guipure and fringe, were worn as wraps in the carriages.

We may here describe a few of the most admired dresses worn on this occasion. A robe of violet color moire antique had two skirts, the upper one finished by a broad flounce of Chantilly lace of the richest quality. This flounce was gathered up at intervals, so as to form festoons, and at the gatherings were fixed large bows of violet color ribbon, the long flowing ends of which descended nearly to the edge of the lower skirt. The high corsage was fastened up the front by bows of the same ribbon. The sleeves were trimmed on the shoulders with falls of Chantilly lace in the manner of epaulettes, and finished at the ends by the same trimming. With this dress was worn a splendid cashmere shawl, having a black ground, figured with a fanciful arabesque design in orange, violet, and green. The bonnet was of white crinoline and violet velvet, with a tuft of violet feathers on one side. The under trimming was white tulle, with clusters of purple grapes and velvet foliage.

Another dress was of Imperial blue gros d'Orient, trimmed from the edge of the skirt to the height of the knees by bias rows of velvet of the same color. The corsage, which was open in front, was ornamented with bias rows of velvet in the same style. These rows were carried across the shoulders, and terminated at the back of the waist in the form of a V. The basque and the sleeves were trimmed in the same style. The bonnet, which was partly of white satin and partly of white lace, was almost wholly covered by a wreath of flowers. This wreath was fastened on one side, and, after passing across the bonnet, it descended in sprays on the opposite side. A banquine of Imperial blue velvet, trimmed with ermine, completed this elegant costume.

A fashionable *modiste* has just completed a beautiful mantle of ruby velvet, edged round with rich embroidery in black silk. The embroidery, though of a very light and delicate pattern, stands out in well-defined relief on the ruby velvet ground. Below the embroidery there is a row of broad black net fringe, with a heading of black and ruby medallions ranged alternately. Each medallion is terminated by a long tassel of sewing silk. It should be observed that this fringe is placed over a flounce of ruby velvet, which supports it, and thereby produces a better effect than if it were merely attached to the edge of the cloak in the usual way.

A very pretty ball-dress for a young lady consists of two skirts of white tarletane, each finished by a broad hem, above which a narrow cordon of flowers is disposed in festoons. The corsage has a berthe of tulle, finished by a hem and festoons of flowers.

A ball-dress of a richer character has been made of pink silk, with a very broad flounce of white blonde, set on in festoons, and headed by a wreath of foliage made of pink velvet. The corsage has a berthe of blonde, headed by the same velvet foliage.—*London Lady's Paper of Feb. 21st.*

Paris Letter.

SHROVETIDE PROCESSIONS—AN AWKWARD MISTAKE—SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS—HALF A LOAF BETTER THAN NO BREAD—AN OLD FRIENDSHIP—A GENIUS IN DIFFICULTY.

PARIS, Feb. 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Shrove-Tuesday, as also the two days preceding this ancient festival, is always celebrated in Paris by the time honored promenade of the Fat Ox, the finest animal of its kind procurable for the nonce, and destined to contribute its share of fat beef to the good cheer of the festival.

The supply of meat to the metropolis being a monopoly in the hands of a powerful corporation, with its Syndic, its body of officers, bank, rules and regulations, the choice of the animal promoted to the honor of figuring in the *cortege* of the jovial Shrove festival, devolves on the Syndic of the Corporation of Butchers. This functionary accordingly repairs to the Cattle Fair of Poissy, one of the main sources of the supply of meat for the capital, and there selects the finest specimen of the bovine race offered by the graziers. The latter, ambitious of the honor of furnishing the *Boeuf Gras*, send their products from every part of France, on the approach of this season; so that the Cattle Fair preceding this festival may almost be considered as an Exhibition in the cattle line.

Sometimes as many as three oxen are selected for the promenades, which begin on Sunday, and continue until the evening of Wednesday, when the poor animals, wearied and worried, are converted into beef in the great slaughter-houses outside the city. Formerly, the oxen, covered with wreaths, ribbons and gilding, and attended by a score of butcher-boys in fanciful costumes, were marched on foot through all the principal streets of Paris; but as this fatigue greatly injured the quality of the meat, besides diminishing the weight of the animals, they are now placed on gaily-decorated cars, and drawn through the town by horses. Three years ago, the *Boeuf Gras*, a monstrous white creature, panting under its own weight, fell several times during the march, and it was found necessary to dispatch it at last on the spot where it had fallen, too utterly exhausted to rise again, amidst the crowds who were cheering it on, and no doubt, unwittingly adding to the poor animal's misery by the noise they were making.

Two fine animals have figured in the show of the present week, both raised by a M. Adeline, a great grazier of Normandy, whose name figured conspicuously among the laureats of the late International Cattle-Show. The procession went to the Tuileries, where the Emperor and Empress appeared on the balcony, and where the grazier, who had raised the cattle, and the butcher who had bought them, were presented to their Majesties. Thence the cattle were taken to the residences of the various members of the Imperial family, the ambassadors, ministers and prefects; going through the principal streets, and receiving the acclamations of half Paris, turned out to witness the spectacle.

An odd story of Grassot, the favorite comic actor, is just going the rounds here, in connexion with the dinner parties of the Carnival, and may serve also to illustrate one of the inconveniences of the mode of living adopted here, where, instead of having a house to yourself, you have only a *story*.

It seems, then, that on the last evening of this festive season, Grassot, who was invited out to dinner, being detained, and finding himself at the door of his friend's house just three quarters of an hour *after* the time at which the guests were to have sat down to table, bethought him of making his entry in some ludicrous manner, so as to insure a pardon for his want of punctuality. Accordingly, on passing through the ante room, he looked about him for something that might aid him in his project; and espying a broom in one corner of the room, he at once got astride it, the dining-room doors were thrown open by the servant, and in galloped the actor, making the windows clatter with the vehemence of the "click! click! gee-up! gee-oh!" with which he urged on his steed in his wild evolutions round and round the table. Surprised at the profound silence with which his equestrian feats were received, and stopping suddenly short in his eccentric career, what was his horror at perceiving before him the astounded face of the Marquis de Montalembert—one of the sourest, most aristocratic, and most sanctimonious of all the sons of the Church—who was *giving* a grand dinner to his brethren of the French Academy. The unfortunate actor had mistaken the floor. Judge of his feelings at so overwhelming a discovery!

The three days' gaiety of Shrove-tide are the last of the Carnival; and the faithful are now busy expiating, in the severities of Lent, the feasting and dancing of the last few weeks.

At La Rochelle, the curious appearance known to meteorologists as "parhelia," or mock suns, has just been observed; two false suns, somewhat dimmer than the real one, being visible at the same time with the celestial luminary.

But La Rochelle is not the only place that has been favored with a sight of skyey marvels; for a brilliant comet has made its appearance in the West, at Cherbourg. It is described as having an abundance of "hair," but no "caudal extremity." We shall see what comes of the new visitor; meantime, the superstitious have fixed on the 13th of next June as "positively the last" of this poor little world of ours.

The French Government, however, does not seem to share these apprehensions, and is pursuing its views of conquest and colonization in Africa with more vigor than ever. The Kabyles are being driven nearer and nearer the Desert; and the soil of Algiers is to undergo the action of a new arrangement of great importance.

The territory of this rich colony comprises a superficies equal to two-thirds of France, and could easily maintain from eighteen to twenty millions of inhabitants, instead of affording only a precarious existence to a little over three millions, as it now does, under Arab management. The whole territory at present constitutes a vast common, where the various Arab tribes pasture their flocks, at will, no one of them possessing any portion of the soil as its own, or taking any trouble to cultivate it. In order to put an end to this wasteful state of things, it is proposed to give to each Arab tribe, a certain portion of land, which it will choose for itself, and which will become its own inalienable property, to be cultivated, or left open as pasture, at its own pleasure. The rest of the territory will then be assumed as national property by the Government, cut up into lots, and sold or leased to colonists. Three quarters of the soil will thus be given into European hands, and the prosperity and civilization of the colony it is hoped will make rapid progress. It is said that the Arabs are not unwilling to see the proposed change set on foot; and that they will gladly accept the fee simple of a certain portion of the country in exchange for their present vague tenancy of the pastures that their powerful masters might, they think, wrest from them totally, should such be their good pleasure.

It is believed that the legacy of 8,000 francs a year, mentioned in my last as having been left by Princess Lieven to M. Guizot, was accompanied by a clause requiring that the ex-Minister should keep a carriage with this sum. For the last twenty years, M. Guizot has habitually spent his evenings with the Princess, and since his downfall, she has always sent him home in her carriage, his limited means no longer permitting him to keep a carriage of his own. Fearing that M. Guizot might refuse her bequest, from motives of delicacy, and yet anxious to secure to him a convenience which his great age now renders doubly useful to him, she wrote, in pencil, an hour or two before her death, these touching words, which she immediately sent to Guizot by her son.

"In the name of our twenty years' friendship, I entreat you, with my last breath, not to refuse your acceptance of the trifling gift which you will find mentioned in my testament. Let me take away with me the pleasant thought of having contributed to the comfort of one to whom I owe so many of the happiest hours of a life now closing."

Such a friendship is equally honorable to both parties; and the most scrupulous delicacy could not hesitate to accept a gift so delicately offered.

Another instance of a friendship which lasted through many years and stood many trials, is that which existed between the famous novelist, De Balzac, and his publisher, M. Hetzel. Of all the intercourse between the two, many odd anecdotes are told; among others, the following, sufficiently characteristic of the author of "*Mercadet*."

It seems that at one time, De Balzac, who was always in hot water about his pecuniary affairs, owed Hetzel the sum of 1,600 francs. De Balzac had given him a note for the amount, and this note had been thrice renewed by his friend. Just as the note fell due for the fourth time, De Balzac met Hetzel, and at once spoke of the obligation, which the latter—gentle and kindly—would not have ventured to allude to, and told him that he would pay him the amount, next morning, in hard cash, but upon one condition; viz., that Hetzel should come and breakfast with him on truffled fowl and pine-apples.

It is pretty well, in these hard times, for a man to pay his debts unasked; but to pay them off in such princely style is indeed magnanimous. Hetzel was quite overpowered by the invitation, but had recovered himself sufficiently, by next morning, to be able to betake himself to the house of the romancer, as invited. Great, however, was the publisher's consternation on entering his friend's dining-room, to find that every bit of furniture was gone, with the exception of two chairs and a table, on which was an earthenware dish of the coarsest kind, containing a single red herring, fried, and spread out in the middle of the dish in solitary glory.

"*Voici,*" *exclaimed the disappointed visitor,* "a fowl that scarcely looks as though it were truffled!"

"And the silver!" groaned De Balzac, as he flourished a horrible pewter fork. "Do you recognize, in these dreadful implements, my beautiful silver plate?" And thereupon he began a long and touching story as to how a creditor, less compassionate than his generous friend, had brutally caused everything in the house to be seized that very morning. "These terrible bailiffs have left nothing in the house but myself, a pitiful leaving!" continued the genius with a heart-breaking smile. "If you can make anything out of me, take me; throw me into prison; I am ready to follow you to Clichy."

The kind hearted creditor wiped away two tears. "Well, we will make out a renewal of the bill a fourth time, *voila tout!*" said De Balzac. "You will do me the kindness to grant me another three months?"

"Six months, if you like," returned Hetzel.

It would need De Balzac's own pen to record the eloquence of gratitude that he now poured forth in praise of his generous creditor. As for Hetzel, he was so much touched by the scene, that he quite lost his appetite; and he generously left the whole herring to Balzac. Luckily a pen, ink, and paper, had been forgotten by the harpies of the law; with their aid the kind-hearted creditor made out a new note for his illustrious debtor. He then took his leave, and went off, intending to breakfast at some restaurant, and quite affected to think that so great a genius should be in such distress. Before quitting the comfortless dining-room, he delicately offered a couple of louisd'or to the romancer, for pressing expenses; but these De Balzac heroically refused to accept. As he turned out, he took a cigar from his pocket, and having no allumettes, he went into the kitchen to get one. But not an allumette was to be seen; the bailiffs had cleared out everything, even to the allumettes.

More than ever distressed at the thought of his friend's destitution, Hetzel hunted in all the corners of the kitchen, trying to find some stray allumette with which to light his Havana, when, on opening a drawer, he espied, not indeed the allumette he was faintly hoping to find, but all of De Balzac's silver; a service of the very richest quality!

Hetzel is a noble fellow, generous to the heart's core. He went back to the dining-room, and presented himself before his crest-fallen debtor, both hands full of the accusing valuables so unexpectedly discovered. "My friend," said the publisher, in his gentlest tones, "your misfortune gained from me a *renewal*; but your fertility of imagination merits nothing less than a receipt in full. This receipt I hereby give you; take it my friend!" and with that he gave him back the note he had just signed, torn into pieces, turned quietly on his heel, and left the house.

QUANTUM.

☞ God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

HUNTING THE TIGER IN INDIA.

FROM A NEW ENGLISH WORK.

No man, on beholding the body of a tiger, can form any conception of the extent of his muscular power. His body seems too long, his legs too short and thick; yet he is a living hurricane, the rapidity of his motion being scarcely surpassed by that of the bullet by which he falls. The tiger is always athirst, not for water, but blood. When the lion has devoured his prey of human flesh, he is appeased and reposes. Not so the tiger. After a hideous repast of bones and mutilated limbs, he begins to feel an appetite, and roams the country in search of a fresh prey and a new festivity.

The tiger is seldom more than seven feet in length from the muzzle to the butt of the tail. But some travellers must undoubtedly have seen tigers as large as buffalo. For instance, Monsieur Lalande Magon, who had made frequent voyages to the Cape of Good Hope, has stated that he has measured one which was fifteen feet long. Unfortunately M. Lalande Magon forgot to mention that the tail was included in his measurement. The royal Bengal tiger in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, measures only seven feet and a half, not including the tail.

While hunting in the neighborhood of Bombay, in the year 1851, I received intelligence that a large tiger had ensconced himself about five miles from my bungalow. As it was my first tiger, I was impatient to encounter him, so calling to my aid two very dear friends who were living with me, we set out in all possible haste for the rendezvous. We found the beast lodged in a deep ravine, quietly picking the bones of a wretched Malay, whom he had killed that morning, and of whose corpse he adroitly formed a rampart as he perceived us, carefully watching us from behind it. In our precipitation, or rather in our carelessness of danger—a carelessness which nothing but ignorance could excuse—the only arms we had brought with us were long boar spears, and short heavy hunting knives. With these weapons we considered it would be madness to descend into the ravine where he was banqueting on his horrible food. The tiger, on his side, seemed thoroughly impressed with all his advantages, and had made up his mind to give battle nowhere but in the narrow space in which he had lodged himself. He also seemed to comprehend perfectly that we had nothing but cold steel to attack him with. After a little while he rose, and casting a contemptuous glance at us, gravely promenaded up and down the little ravine. He was taking gentle exercise after dinner. I could not stand this disdain, so I commenced flinging stones at him, in the hope of inducing him to quit his fortress. This he declined doing, and took no more notice of our taunts and insults than if we had been a parcel of little boys. An hour passed in this way. To return home without having attacked the tiger was impossible. Our honor was at stake. In an instant I made up my mind.

"I will go down into the ravine," I said; "let all who love me follow me."

"But," remonstrated one of my friends, whom I will call Gaston, "it is certain destruction. We have no fire-arms."

I was determined. George, my other friend, joined in Gaston's remonstrance, but without avail. Then seeing me buckling myself up for the fight, like good friends, they declared their intention of joining me.

"That's right!" *I cried,* as they signified their resolve. "This confounded tiger wants to keep us off and on until night, when he, being able to see in the dark, can make an easy prey of us. Let us, while we have daylight, finish the fellow."

We skirted the course of the ravine about a hundred paces, and then commenced our descent. We found his majesty—a splendid, tawny monarch he was—still enjoying his stroll, only now instead of looking like a *bon vivant*, in search of digestion, he appeared like a sentinel on the look-out. We moved cautiously on, the three of us abreast, with our lances couched like bayonets, and advancing foot by foot. The combat was about to commence. I whispered to my companions.

"Attention, Gaston! George! Union is strength. If we separate, not one of us will see Bombay again. Now! make ready! He is scratching up the earth. He'll be upon us in a second!"

I was right. The tiger deliberated for an instant and then sprang. Our three lances met him at the same moment. One pierced his shoulder, another ripped up his belly so that the entrails protruded, while the last actually entered his mouth and came through his jaw. The shock was so tremendous that we all rolled backward; but I instantly cried to the others to recover their position, leaping myself into a defensive attitude. The three of us were once more in the twinkling of an eye, elbow to elbow. It was in vain that the tiger writhed and beat against our *chevaux de frise*: the spears were buried in his body, and every movement only drove them deeper. Seeing that the brute was now almost thoroughly helpless, we, by a common instinct, rushed upon him with our poinards to finish him. Gaston, with an incredible rashness, attacked him in front. Alas! he knew not what even an expiring tiger can accomplish! Almost in his death-throe he seized poor Gaston by the arm and bit it completely off above the elbow. It was his last effort, and in a few moments more he expired. It was a victory that cost me dear. My friend Gaston died a few days after from the effects of the operation which it was necessary to perform on his arm.

It is an unpleasant fact that a tiger-hunt is generally fatal to some of the parties engaged in it. During the night, and in the middle of a frightful storm at Singapore, in the year 1819, an enormous tiger marched coolly into the great bazaar, and quietly awaited the awaking of the inhabitants, as if he had been on terms of the most intimate friendship with the human race. A grocer in opening his shop was the first to perceive the ferocious animal, and having barricaded himself in his house gave the alarm to his neighbors. The tiger responded to this warning by an angry growl, and in a few moments the entire neighborhood was alive and resolved on the destruction of the animal. Captain Fielding, an English officer, placed himself at the head of twenty Sepoys, armed with muskets; while a huge crowd of the natives followed him, brandishing sticks, and spears, and pistols. At their approach the tiger rose and slowly retreated, like a foe that does not wish to fight, but who will not betray any cowardly terror. Captain Fielding, separating himself from his party, advanced alone upon his savage antagonist, who, apparently surprised at such insolence, cast a glance of mingled astonishment and rage at the rash intruder. Fielding in a moment saw the fatal error that he had committed. He saw that a royal tiger was not a foe to be approached carelessly, and while trembling at the danger in which he stood, he nevertheless, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, bravely kept his position.

On his part, the tiger, thinking, perhaps, that if he could avoid the fatal bullet which lay at the bottom of the rifle barrel that followed his every motion, it would be as well, still retreated slowly, always, however, facing his enemies as if he was determined in any event not to die alone. Presently, by these manœuvres, he found himself in a narrow street of which one end was closed. Fielding was not slow to avail himself of this lucky chance, and taking deliberate aim fired at the tiger. His bullet took effect in the eye, and the wounded animal roared so frightfully that the entire crowd tumbled one over the other in their hurry to escape, and in less than ten minutes Captain Fielding found himself entirely alone with the savage brute who tore up the ground with his powerful nails while he vainly tried to lick up the blood that flowed from his wound.

Fielding, throwing away his rifle, drew a pistol, while he held a poinard in his left hand. Like a flash of lightning the tiger sprang upon him; the captain, who felt that his life depended on his aim, fired deliberately, just as his antagonist was descending on his shoulders. The ball was fatal, going right to the animal's heart, and with a smothered growl he rolled over on the pavement; but he was avenged. In that brief instant one stroke of his resistless fore-paw had broken the unfortunate officer's neck, and when the cowardly natives returned, the two foes were found dead, within a couple of yards of each other.

NEWS ITEMS.

A KANSAS correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says that Gov. Geary has become very unpopular among the Free State men of that territory in consequence of his signing all the obnoxious acts passed by the Legislature.

MORE RAT POISONING.—The Parkersburg (Va.) Courier says: "Mr. Benjamin T. Beeson and family, in this vicinity, were slightly poisoned on last Sunday, from drinking coffee made with water drawn from a tea kettle to which the rats had access after eating arsenic. All were sick, but none seriously injured by the dose."

COTTON.—The Augusta, Georgia, Constitutionalist states that a gentleman in that city recently made two bets, each of $25 against $500, that cotton will sell at thirty cents per pound by the 25th of December next.

THE Manchester Mirror says that Mr. Abraham, of Weare, N. H., recently sold 25,000 lbs. of Spanish merino wool to parties in Boston for 60 cts. a pound, amounting to $15,000. The wool was of his own raising, and part of a three years' stock.

THE *Washington Union* (Dem.) says that the Democrats must gain seven members in the thirteen State elections still to be held, in order to have a majority in the next Congress.

THE Liverpool Times, of the 28th ult., states, that the house of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., U. S. Consul, had been broken into and plundered of jewelry and other property to a considerable amount. A portion of the stolen property was recovered by the police.

A NEGRO SLAVE TRANSPORTED.—The Taylorsville, New Kent Co., Va., correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, states that Austin, a negro man belonging to George W. P. Custis, Esq., was tried before the County Court lately for insubordination and an intent to kill Mr. Taliaferro, who is steward for Mr. Custis, on the White House estate. He was sentenced to be transported beyond the limits of the United States.

MORBID PROPENSITY.—The editor of a New Orleans paper states that in some portions of Louisiana and Mississippi, and other States probably also, some of the children of both sexes are in the habit of eating rosin, pine bark, clay, salt and other substances, to such an extent as not only to undermine their health, but in some instances to produce death.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FILIBUSTERING.—Five thousand four hundred Americans have perished in battle and by fever, in Nicaragua, since Walker's usurpation, and yet he is no nearer establishing his power than the first day he landed upon Nicaraguan soil.

THE COMING CROPS.—The most reliable accounts from every section of the country give very encouraging hopes for a bountiful harvest. The growing crops from one end of the country to the other are represented as looking remarkably fine.

A BOUNTY Land Warrant for one hundred and sixty acres has been issued to George Peabody, the London banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in the year 1812.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A few days since, two little schoolboys were missing from Winstead, Conn., and fears were entertained that they had been drowned. They were found, however, the same evening, seven miles from home, having started to go to California, because they had "such hard lessons to get," and were afraid of being flogged if they did not get them.

ANOTHER Fugitive Slave case has occurred in Boston. The person had resided in Boston for some time, but hearing that the officers were after him, his friends hurried him off.

SUICIDES TO BE SUBJECTS.—The town council of Athens, Ga., have voted that bodies of suicides shall be given to the physicians for dissection.

IN Florida the fruit crop, it is supposed, will be short, on account of the prevalence of unusually cold weather. Most of the young orange trees are killed.

A LUCKY MISSIONARY.—The New Haven (Conn.) Palladium says that the Rev. Josiah Brewer, formerly missionary to Turkey, but recently Principal of a Female Seminary at Middletown, in that State, has, by the recent death of a relative, come into possession of property valued at $150,000.

DRED SCOTT, who is remanded to slavery, by the recent Supreme Court decision, is the slave of one of the Massachusetts M. C.'s, Dr. Chaffee, through his wife. Dr. C. represents the Springfield District, the Argus of which place states the fact how Scott became Chaffee's slave—by Chaffee marrying the widow of Dr. Emerson, of Missouri. The decision of the bench that Dred Scott was not a citizen of the United States, and could not sue in the United States Court, has remanded him and his family to the chattelhood of Mrs. Chaffee.

DIED AT THE POST OF DUTY.—It is said that the engineer in charge of the train which was precipitated in the Desjardin's Canal, near Hamilton, C. W., whistled "on brakes," and while endeavoring to avert the catastrophe, went down with the engine. Instead of attempting to escape at the first warning, he remained at the post of duty, and sacrificed his life in a noble effort to save others.

MINNESOTA.—Ex Governor Ramsay, in an address at an Agricultural Fair in Minnesota, says there is yet room in that Territory for a million and a half more of farmers. He thinks Minnesota will some day produce more corn and wheat than any other State in the Union.

A CASE involving the question whether a clergyman can marry himself has just been decided in the affirmative in the highest courts of Ireland.

GEORGE SUMNER says in a recent lecture—"The excessive use of saleratus is a cardinal cause of the American ill health. It is deadly poison, the use of which should be shunned as the slaughterer of the infant and the destroyer of the strong man."

AARON A. SANDERS, a young man who shot himself through the head with a pistol, in Marshall, Michigan, left a letter to his friends, saying, "I've got sick of life. There is a God, and He will do what is right about it."

THE Dallas Clarendon treaty has been considered and approved by the Cabinet at Washington as it passed the Senate. It will be immediately sent to England by special messenger.

THE Bank of Newcastle, Pa., has exploded. The cashier has absconded with fifty thousand dollars of the funds of the bank, leaving only four dollars in coin in the vaults to meet liabilities amounting to $100,000. He was deeply involved in various speculations.

GOV. GEARY'S resignation has been received by the President. It took effect on the 20th. The Governor has arrived in Harrisburg, and repeated to the editor of the Telegraph, at that place, the same statements made to the editor of the St. Louis Democrat.

SUICIDE FROM SPIRITUALISM.—Lube Hastings, aged 57, committed suicide at Bangor, Me., on the 15th instant, having become insane from spiritualism, or become a spiritualist from insanity.

A SECT of religionists has arisen in England calling themselves the disciples. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864, and the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians, and finally the Jews will become again a nation in the Holy Land. Christians are to sleep eternally.

Two wealthy girls in Detroit, being stage-struck, bought lots of silks, gloves, flowers, laces, and white slippers, on the credit of their parents, and were just ready to run off with some theatrical people, in order to appear on the Cleveland stage, when they were stopped in their carriage.

A BISHOP IN PARAPHERNALIA.—A funny story is told of the way in which even archbishops may be embarrassed by the amplitude of the female fashions of the day. A letter from Milan says that the Archbishop of Milan, meeting the Empress of Austria on the staircase of the Duomo, by some unlucky accident became so entangled in her majesty's drapery as to be extricated only by tearing away some ells of the redundant folds, to the immense diversion of the young and august victim, whose smiles at last lapsing in downright laughter, increased the embarrassment of the venerable prelate.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY EXCITEMENT.—Late advices from Newfoundland report that the recent movement of England in ceding the fisheries to France is subject to the action of Parliament, and also the Legislature of Newfoundland. This development puts an entirely new phase upon the matter, and as there is no danger of the Newfoundland Legislature agreeing to the proposed transfer of the fisheries, the latter will undoubtedly still remain in the undisputed possession of their present owners.

☞ A wise lady-writer says:—"The world stigmatizes many a man as wicked, with whom a woman would be but too happy to pass her life."

☞ A picture is a poem without words.

☞ About four million letters per annum are exchanged between the United States and Great Britain. What a library these letters would form!

☞ "Pray, Mr. Hume," said Lady Wallace, to the philosopher, "when I am asked what is my age, what answer shall I give?" "Say, madam," replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that you have not yet come to the years of discretion."

☞ Antimachus, the poet, being deserted by all his hearers, when reading his verses, save Plato, said to him: "I shall proceed, nevertheless; Plato is himself an audience."

☞ Ippiharates, the Athenian General, being reproved of the meanness of his birth, by a descendant of the famous Harmonidus, answered: "My family begins in me—yours ends in you."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23

Arrived at Wardell's (late Lowrie's) Avenue Drove Yard during the week, 660 Cattle, which sold as follows:—78 Ohio by Isaac Abrahams, prices ranging from $10 to $11 ⅌ 100 lbs; 80 Ohio, by Daniel Eckman, at $ [illegible]; 15 Chester county, by Coats & Trainer, at $ 01 to $11; 80 Lancaster county, by Adam Reidenbach, at $ [illegible]; 50 Virginia, by Thomas Strickland, good quality, at $10 to $11; 50 Ohio, by John R. Gibson, Spinti; 50 Franklin county, ordinary quality, by G. Bare, at $ [illegible]; 150 by different persons at various prices. Market closed dull. Horses—150 arrived during the week; selling slowly at good prices. Sheep—4000 arrived; selling at from 10 to 14c ⅌ lb, dressed. Market closed dull. Cows and Calves—50, selling at from $30 to $50 ⅌ head; market rather dull. Dry Cows from $30 to $50 ⅌ head.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 29 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	½ dis
Lancaster bank	40 dis
Erie City bk	20 dis
Bk of New Castle	failed
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis
Morris bk Br'dston	30 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	20 dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent bks	par
Under $5	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Exchanges bk	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
8th Avenue bk	8 dis
Knickerbocker bk	12 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer bk Port Oswego	20 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	14 dis
Central bk	14 dis
Champlain bk	no sale
MAINE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Bk of Hallowell	25 dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Lancaster bk	closed
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Bk Repub Providence	25 dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Comm'l Alexandria	2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'82 110	—
" "	'67 116½	—
" "	'68 116½	—
" g "	'85 106	—
Phila 6 pr ct	94	96
" " new	95	95½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	74	75
" " coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	63	64
" county	64½	65
Alle co RR 6's	65	67
Penn "	—	—
" 5 "	84½	85
" " coupon	85	86½
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	90½
" " coupon	76½	77
Kent'cky 6 pr ct	107½	108
Penn RR 6 pr ct	99	99½
Sch Nav 6 pr ct	59	59½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	76½	80
P G & N RR "	90	90½
Reading RR "	81	81½
" " m'rt	84	87
H & Lan RR "	83	84
P & S RR 7 "	70	75
Che Val RR "	40	50
Tenn RR "	80	82
Phil Wil & Bal '60 6 R R 6 pr ct	86	86½
Long I RR "	70	70
Sch Nav '72 "	60	70
Lehigh Nav "	91½	92
Mort "	92	94
C & D C "	70	75
Sus & Tid '70"	50	52½
Union Canal	55½	56
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mort 7 ⅌ ct	72	72½
2d " 7 ⅌ ct	65	65½
Catawissa "	54	56
North Penna 6 pr ct	59	61
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	127½	128
Penna	48½	48
Bea Meadow	54½	54½
North Penna	13½	13½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phi Ger & Nor	59½	60
Reading	39½	39½
" preferred	44	46
Minehill	50½	51
Har & Lan	54½	55½
Chester Valley	44	45
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	23	—
P W & Balt	24½	25
Long Island	13	13½
Williamsport & Elmira	21	21½
Catawissa	11	12
CANAL STOCKS.		
Shuyl Nav	17	17½
" preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav	76½	77
Morris	16½	16½
" preferred	34	35
C & Del	—	75
Union	12½	12½
Sus & Tidewater	9	9½
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	155	158
Penna	112	112½
Philada	122½	123
Far & Mec	64	65
Commercial	51	51½
N Liberty	63	63½
Mechanics	52½	53½
Southwark	60	63
P Township	59½	60
Kensington	68	70
Girard	114	114½
Western	—	68
Man & Mech	31½	31½
Commerce	70	72
Fredonia'n's	47	—
City	52	54
Consolidation	29½	30
Pittsburg	60	—
M & M Pitts	61	—
Ex'ge Pitts	62	—
Kentucky	115½	—
Northern, Ky	120	—
Louisville, Ky	110	112
Farmers, Ky	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	102	—
Plant's, Tenn	101	—
Com & M Vick	84	—
N O ins Co	110	120

	Bid.	Asked.
GEORGIA.		
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale	
Bk Columbus	no sale	
Bk of Middle G'rgia	no sale	
Sav bks	½ dis	
New bks	2 to 5 dis	
Merchants' & Planters' bk, Savannah	no sale	
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale	
Southern bk	no sale	
SOUTH CAROLINA.		
Solv bks	½ dis	
ALABAMA.		
Bk of Mobile	1 dis	
Other solv bks	5 dis	
MISSISSIPPI.		
All bks	uncertain	
LOUISIANA.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
OHIO.		
Solvent bks	1 dis	
Bk of Circleville	50 dis	
Canal bk Cleveland	6 dis	
KENTUCKY.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
Other bks	10 to 80 dis	
INDIANA.		
New solvent bks	2 dis	
State bk	1 dis	
Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale	
Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"	
ILLINOIS.		
Peoples bk, Carmi	2½ dis	
Rushville bk, Rushville	10 dis	
Solvent bks	3½ dis	
Agricultural bk	20 dis	
Aurora Ex bk	10 dis	
Bk Commonwealth	20 dis	
MISSOURI.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
TENNESSEE.		
Bk of East Tenn	no sale	
Bk of West Tenn	no sale	
River Bank	80 sale	
Solv bks	2 dis	
Small notes	2½ dis	
Central bk	no sale	
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale	
New bks	3 to 5 dis	
MICHIGAN.		
Solv bks	2 dis	
ARKANSAS.		
All bks	no sale	
WISCONSIN.		
Solv bks	2 dis	
TEXAS.		
Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis	

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '82 110	—	
" " '67 116½	—	
" " '68 116½	—	
" g " '85 106	—	
Phila 6 pr ct	94	96
" " new	95	95½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	74	75
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Penn "	—	—
" 5 "	84½	85
" " coupon	85	86½
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	90½
" " coupon	76½	77
Kent'cky 6 pr ct	107½	108
Penn RR 6 pr ct	99	99½
Sch Nav 6 pr ct	59	59½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	76½	80
P G & N RR "	90	90½
Reading RR "	81	81½
" " m'rt	84	87
H & Lan RR "	83	84
P & S RR 7 "	70	75
Che Val RR "	40	50
Tioga RR "	80	82
Phil Wil & Bal '60 6 R R 6 pr ct	86	86½
Long I RR "	70	70
Sch Nav '72 "	60	70
Lehigh Nav "	91½	92
Mort "	92	94
C & D C "	70	75
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Cam & Amboy	127½	128
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P W & Balt	24½	25
Long Island	13	13½
Williamsport & Elmira	21	21½
Catawissa	11	12
CANAL STOCKS.		
Shuyl Nav	17	17½
" preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav	76½	77

AFFAIRS IN KANSAS.—The St. Louis Democrat of March 17th, publishes a statement relative to affairs in Kansas, given to it by Gov. Geary. The cause of the resignation of Gov. Geary is said to have been the failure of President Pierce to fulfil the pledges made at the time the appointment was conferred, to support him (Gov. G.) with the power of the army and militia and the means of the Treasury, if necessary; but, instead of receiving this aid, he has paid $12,000 out of his own pocket to meet the expenses of the administration, has been refused the aid and support of the military under the most urgent circumstances, and thwarted by the Judiciary of the Territory in every possible manner. The Governor states that not less than fifty men were under oath, from the day he entered the Territory until he left it, to assassinate him, provided his official career did not meet their approbation.

The Governor regrets the steps he has been obliged to take, and feels confident that, had the promised assistance been rendered him, he could have administered the affairs of the Territory in a manner acceptable to the honest settlers of both sides. In relation to the outrages committed by the pro-slavery men, he says one-half has not been told. He pronounces the murder of Buffum by Hays the most cold-blooded and atrocious affair ever witnessed. His version of the Sherrard affair is similar to those already published. He says, however, that the account published in the Republican, over the signature of "Jones," is a tissue of falsehoods.

The Governor complains much of the obstructions and mutilations of his official correspondence. He says mail bags were constantly opened, and all objectionable matter to or from him, extracted. He thinks the establishment of a Slavery Constitution in Kansas inevitable. Gov. Geary has published a farewell address to the people of Kansas in which he says that the great body of them are conservative and law-abiding, and that the troubles are caused by ambitious schemers, who have no special interest in the welfare of the territory, and who do not desire peace. He says he shall retire from public to private life.

At Washington, the Cabinet has under consideration the affairs of Kansas. Rumor says that the next governor will be a Southern man.

BALLS FOR LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—Mr. Hepburn has argued before the Scottish Society of Arts in favor of the use of balls instead of points for the terminations of lightning conductors. He stated that he had been led to doubt the efficiency of the conductors usually adopted, terminating in points, which was contrary to the plan found to be necessary in the management of artificial electricity, in which, while the fluid is gradually collected from the excited cylinder by a row of pointed wires attached to the prime conductor, its transmission from the conductor to the battery, and the discharge of the battery itself, is always effected by balls. It thus appears that for the absorption and transmission of an accumulated mass of electricity an extended surface is required; and as in the protection of buildings it is necessary to provide for the instantaneous absorption of a concentrated mass of electricity darting through the air in the form of a flash or ball, Mr. Hepburn conceived that the conductor ought to terminate in one or more pear-shaped balls, having a surface sufficient to absorb at least as much of the fluid as the descending rod is capable of carrying to the earth. It remains to be determined whether a large hollow ball or a smaller solid one is preferable.

A TRAVELLER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—A laughable incident, it is reported, took place at the Weymouth Railway Station a few days ago. An old lady, probably not having seen a locomotive before, took her seat in one of the carriages at Dorchester to come to Weymouth. She was no doubt delighted at the trip and easy riding. On the train arriving at the terminus the door was opened by one of the officials, who required her to step out, but the reply was, "No, I shall not get out, you cheats, I have hardly seated myself yet; I have paid my fare to go to Weymouth, and there I will go." "My good woman," was the reply, "you are now there; come out and convince yourself." After a great deal of remonstrance and persuasion she very reluctantly relinquished her seat, and stepped on the platform, and, looking round with astonishment, exclaimed with great earnestness, "Is this the town of Weymouth? Well, sure, this is the devil's own work, and I'll no more of you!" So saying, the old lady hastily took her departure.—*Sherborne (Eng.) Journal.*

FROM NICARAGUA.—The steamship Tennessee brings dates from Greytown to the 7th instant, and Aspinwall to the 10th inst.

Gen. Walker's position was unchanged. He still holds Rivas. The Allies remain at San George. Gen. Walker has attacked the latter place twice unsuccessfully.

The failure of Col. Lockridge's attack on Castillo is attributed to the cowardice of Col. Titus, who subsequently left, going to Rivas.

The Allies made two attacks on General Walker's position on the 4th of March, but were repulsed.

The British steamer Clyde arrived at Aspinwall on the 9th, bringing thirty deserters from Walker's army.

AMUSING PROSCRIPTION.—The Moniteur Savoisien records the following:—"A priest of Annecy learned that a young workwoman, one of his parishioners, had undertaken to make some shirts for M. Eugene Sue, author of the 'Wandering Jew' (in this work, it will be remembered, the Jesuits were roughly handled), and he forbade her, under pain of eternal condemnation, to execute the work. In consequence, the young woman returned the shirts to the writer!"

Another French paper says that a priest forbade a little girl to carry milk to the house of the novelist, (which for some time she had been doing,) under dread of eternal penalties.

PATCHOULY.—The origin of the use of Patchouly as a perfume in Europe and America is curious. A few years ago real Indian Cashmere shawls bore an extravagant price, and purchasers could always distinguish them by their odor; in fact, they were perfumed with patchouly. The French manufacturers had for some time successfully imitated the Indian fabric, but could not impart the odor. At length they discovered the secret, and imported the plant to perfume articles of their make, and thus palm off homespun shawls as real Indian!

THE BURDELL CASE.—The N. Y. *Evening Post* says that the witness, D. C. Walter, who corroborated the testimony of Farrell, stating that he saw a man sitting on Dr. Burdell's steps on the night of the murder, and also saw the other man in shirt sleeves within the door, is, and has been years, a lunatic, and, furthermore, was at one with his family on the night of the Bondelect tragedy. The *Post* states this on information from Mrs. Cunningham's counsel, who, said, will make it appear in evidence at the coming trial.

CORN VS COAL.—A farmer about one hundred and fifty miles south of Chicago got out of coal, and as the roads were in bad condition he ought he would try the virtue of corn in the air to supply the place of coal. It worked so well that subsequently he purchased a load of coal and tried it by measure in contrast with the corn, and this experiment developed the fact that *the corn fuel was the cheapest and the best.* The corn and the coal were worth the same price per bushel, thirty cents each, and the corn at the furthest and made the cleanest and best fire.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The train which left New Albany on March 18th, for Salem, Indiana, at 1½ P. M., broke through the Muddy Fork bridge, sixteen miles north of New Albany, precipitating two passenger cars into the creek some twelve or fifteen feet below. The locomotive, tender and baggage car passed over the bridge safely. Garrison Smith, the brakeman, was killed; Mrs. Shields of Mitchell, Ind., had her leg broken; Jacob Flaxon, a pedlar, received a severe flesh wound, and several others suffered slight injuries.

THE National Hotel at Washington, has been closed, owing to the bad repute of the establishment from the late prevailing disease.

A MURRAIN APPROACHING.—A correspondent of the London Times says that an exceedingly fatal epidemic has been for some time ravaging the herds of Central Europe, and has now reached Konigsberg, where one proprietor is said to have lost three hundred head in a night. The writer says:—

"In 1745 the same, or a like epidemic was introduced into England by means of two calves from Holland. In the second year after its introduction over 40,000 cattle died in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and almost as many more in Cheshire. During the third year remuneration was given by the Government, who had ordered the destruction of diseased cattle, for no fewer than 80,000 head, while twice as many more, according to the report of the Commissioners, died of the malady. In the fourth year it was equally fatal, nor does it appear to have completely disappeared till eight years after.

"On the Continent every exertion is being made to arrest the progress of the infection, and military detachments are charged to destroy all cattle that became infected in Prussia. If only one of a herd should be attacked, the authorities order the whole to be slaughtered; and *cordon sanitaires* are established along the frontiers to prevent the ingress of cattle from districts in which the disease exists. If these statements are not exaggerated, the loss of so many cattle must seriously diminish the supply of food in Europe, and may give rise to resurrectionary movements on the part of the people."

WASHINGTON ITEMS.—The National Hotel has been in the possession of the Board of Health who report that the recent sickness in that house was occasioned by poisonous miasma, generated in the sewers, cess pools and sinks about the establishment. This may be so, but we should like to know if poisoned rats were really found in the water tanks. If they were, the report of the Board of Health might be questioned.

Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, and his daughter, are quite sick, and Horace H. Day, of New York, and numbers of other persons also—all of them boarders at the National.

The President's first dinner party came off at the White House on the evening of March 19th. About thirty persons were present, among whom were Ex-President Pierce, Vice President Breckinridge, Mr. Appleton, editor of the Union, Mr. Marcy, of the old Cabinet, and all the members of the new, Senators Bigler, Douglas, Bright, and Thomson, of New Jersey, and the wives of such of them as are in the city.

The President is severely badgered by the office-hunters, and he has admitted to his friends that the pressure from Philadelphia, New York, and Boston has been so severe as nearly to prostrate him. It is a pity he has not *prostrated* some of the borers.

THE SUPREME COURT.—The Supreme Court of the United States is constituted as follows:—

Roger B. Taney, of Maryland.
John McLean, of Ohio.
James W. Wayne, of Georgia.
John Catron, of Tennessee.
Peter V. Daniel, of Virginia.
Samuel Nelson, of New York.
Benjamin Robbins Curtis, of Massachusetts.
Robert C. Grier, of Pennsylvania.
John A. Campbell, of Alabama.

Of the foregoing, Messrs. McLean and Taney were appointed by General Jackson; Messrs. Catron and Daniel, by Mr. Van Buren; Mr. Nelson, by Mr. Tyler; Mr. Curtis, by Mr. Fillmore; and Mr. Campbell, by Gen. Pierce.

IN A TRANCE.—In Cincinnati, on the 6th inst., Miss Williams, a young lady of nineteen, was found lying, to all appearances, dead, on the floor of her room. As she suffered from palpitation, it was supposed that she had died of a disease of the heart. The event was published in the papers, and in due time funeral services were held over her remains. While they were in progress, however, one of the company observed a flush come on the face of the occupant of the coffin. On feeling her heart no pulsation could be felt but a warmth was perceived. The funeral was suspended, but up to the 11th inst. no change had taken place in the condition of the young lady. The flush and warmth were still perceptible, but in other respects the appearances are the usual ones of a corpse.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ACTORS.—Mr. Rogers, one of the actors who performed lately at Windsor Castle before the Queen, has been bold and manly enough to state in a London Police Court that he received the petty sum of thirteen shillings and four-pence (about three dollars and twenty-five cents) for his services, and to hand the same over to the magistrate for the poor-box. Upon this a London paper remarks:—

"The economical propensity of the English sovereign was already well known to her subjects; but is there any nobleman, any merchant, any professional gentleman in the kingdom, who would not feel ashamed to pay a player almost on the same scale on which he rewards a butler at a respectable dinner party."

THE AUTHOR OF THE NEGRO MELODIES.—Stephen C. Foster, the author of "Uncle Ned," "Oh, Susannah," &c., and other songs which have become famous the world over, resides near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, as clerk in a warehouse. He writes the poetry as well as the music of his songs. "Uncle Ned" was his first song. This was published in 1845, and reached a sale unknown till then in the music publishing business. Of "The Old Folks at Home," 100,000 copies have been sold in this country, and as many more in England. "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Dog Tray," each had a sale of about 70,000. All his other songs have had a great run.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Mr. Martin Smith, of Harrison County, Ohio, has lost one hundred and fifty out of something over two hundred chickens, belonging to him, within the last ten days. The disease is unknown. The chickens are seized with a violent sickness, resembling cholera, and die in the short space of three or four hours. None taken ever recover, although the life of one was sustained for about a week by administering whiskey and pepper. The chickens of Mr. Smith, before the appearance of the disease among them, were in remarkably fine condition.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 262—Adults 112, and children 150.

SINCE THE ESTABLISHMENT of the United States Mint in 1793, the gold and silver coinage has been $349,341,914 14. The entire import of gold and silver since 1825, has been $251,569,763, and the export $43,567,334. There are 230 State Banks, with a chartered capital of $134,000,000. The superintendent of the Mint estimates the gold and silver remaining in the country at $250,000,000—a large proportion of which will doubtless be expended in the purchase of the elegant spring clothing gotten up at the Fashionable Emporium of Granville Stokes, No. 269 Chestnut St., Philada.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

DESERVED PRAISE.—The following is from a Washington paper:—

In cases of Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, &c., a more effectual and convenient remedy has never been brought to light than Brown's Bronchial Troches. Many Clergymen and Vocalists of our acquaintance prefer these lozenges to all others for relieving Throat Irritations, as they contain no deleterious drug to prevent the free use of them, if requisite, and we never hear of them except with entire satisfaction.

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REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE *appointed to superintend the* BURNING OF THE IRON SAFES, *at Reading, February 27th, 1857.*

READING, March 4th, 1857.

The undersigned, members of the Committee, do respectfully report, that we saw the two Safes, originally agreed upon by Farrell & Herring and Evans & Watson, placed side by side in a furnace, viz.: The Safe in use by the paymaster of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, in his office at Reading, manufactured by Farrell & Herring, and the Safe in use by H. A. Lantz, in his store, manufactured by Evans & Watson, and put in boxes and papers precisely alike. The fire was started at 9½ o'clock, A. M., and kept up until four cords of green hickory, two cords dry oak and half a cord of top wood were entirely consumed, the whole under the superintendence of the subscribers, members of the Committee. The Safes were then cooled off with water, after which they were opened, and the books and papers taken out by the Committee, and sent to H. A. Lantz's store for public examination, after they were first examined and marked by the Committee. *The books and papers taken from the Safe manufactured by* EVANS & WATSON *were but slightly affected by the intense heat, while those taken from the Safe manufactured by* FARRELL & HERRING *were, in our judgment,* DAMAGED FULLY FIFTEEN PER CENT. MORE than those taken from EVANS & WATSON'S SAFE.

We believe the above to have been a fair and impartial trial of the respective qualities of both Safes.

JACOB H. DYSHER,
DANIEL S. HUNTER.

Having been absent during the burning, we fully coincide with the above statement of the condition of the papers and books taken out of the respective Safes.

G. A. NICOLLS,
JAMES MILLROLLAND,
H. H. MUHLENBERG.

Evans & Watson have 300,000 lbs. of the above Safes on as good terms as any other house in the United States. tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

POETIC AND TRUTHFUL.

Rills run to rivers, rivers run to seas,
And seas are lost in oceans, deep and vast;
So moments fly to hours, years, centuries,
And melt in dim eternity at last:
Like these our ebbing, human days retire
Are tending to the boundless main too fast,
When every little drop of struggling soul
Will settle down, absorbed in one great whole!

And while these things are running in this direction, dear reader, you could not do better than to run to the magnificent Palatial store of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and procure a cheap and splendid suit of clothes from their large and varied stock.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. D. F. FILLMORE, of Buffalo, N. Y. to Miss ISABELLA L. ROBINSON, formerly of Toronto, Canada.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Mr. NORTON LAWRENCE, of Cedarville, N. J. to Miss MARY A. BOERIN, of this city.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. WILLIAM J. SUPLEE, to Miss MARY J. CRAIG, all of West Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. JOHN W. HARTMAN, to Miss AMANDA, daughter of the Rev. Wm. W. Williams, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th of Jan. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. DAVID G. SIMPSON, to Miss FANNY MCFARLAND, both of this city.

On the 24th of Feb. by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. EDWARD SCOTT, to ELLEN CRAIGHTON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JACOB W. ECKLEY, of Galesburg, Illinois, to Miss BARBARA WEINDER, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Blackwood, Mr. DAVID MCALLISTER, of this city, to Miss MARY E. CLARK, of Pittsburg.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. F. W. Hutter, Mr. PHILIP E. COLEMAN, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Jacob B. Coates, Esq.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. ROBERT EVANS, to JANE MOONEY.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. JOHN SHAFFER, to Miss JOSEPHINE TURNER, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Becker, Mr. HERMAN J. HOEFFLICH, to MARGARET DYER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM H. WARD, to Miss MATILDA B. DICERT, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. ROBERT P. SILL, to Miss MARY E. C. DYER, daughter of the late T. I. Dyer, Esq.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Christman, MICHAEL MYERS, to LOUISA GROSS, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by John D. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. THOMAS KENNEDY, to Miss MARY E. STOW, both of Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Cheeseman, Mr. HENRY SIMON, to Miss CATHARINE LUTZ, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Kinney, Mr. WILLIAM F. SCHEIBLE, to Miss LIZZIE KNORR, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th of Jan. by the Rev. J. M. McCarter, Mr. WILLIAM L. HENDRICK, to Miss MARY A. CALLEN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, CLARISSA H. wife of Luther Houghton, aged 44 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM CRAGG, aged 68 years.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM DENNISS, son of Wm. D. and Catharine Preston, aged 3 years.

On the 18th instant, LEWIS, son of Lewis A. and Mary T. Lukens, aged 17 years.

On the 17th instant, JOHN M. son of John M. and Catharine Watkins, aged 7 years.

On the 13th instant, JANE, wife of Wm. NIXON, aged 33.

On the 13th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Henry Uber, Aged 35 years.

On the 17th instant, in Nicetown, THOMAS MCKEE, aged 58 years.

On the 18th instant, JAMES BLAKE, aged 4 years.

On the 15th instant, MARGARET HAVILAND, aged 74.

On the 18th instant, SARAH, wife of John McLean, aged 45 years.

On the 16th instant, MARIA F. daughter of the late Wm. and Mary Wartman, aged 5 years.

On the 17th instant, CHARLES H. son of Miers and Hannah Livezey, aged 5 years.

On the 17th instant, JACOB VANDERSLICE, aged 31 years and 5 months.

On the 16th instant, CATHARINE, daughter of Jeremiah and Catharine Mabrey, aged 24 years.

On the 14th instant, MARY ANDREAS, daughter of Edward and Mary Durell, aged 5 years and 6 months.

On the 15th instant, MATILDA TASKER, aged 28 years.

On the 13th instant, HANRIET, daughter of Jonas and Catharine Ott, aged 7 years.

On the 15th instant, ELLWOOD, son of Aaron and Matilda Smith, aged 9 years and 3 months.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JAMES WILSON, aged 85 years.

On the 13th instant, MARY EMMA, daughter of Wm. and Eliza J. Gilbert, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 14th instant, JOHN MCKNIGHT, aged 56 years.

On the 14th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Christian Galowa, aged 26 years.

On the 14th instant, Miss JULIA HYNEMAN, aged 21 years.

On the 15th instant, Mr. SAMUEL H. NICHOLS, aged 43.

On the 11th instant, SARAH, wife of Geo. Gale, aged 36.

On the 9th instant, Mr. MICHAEL MCHARO, aged 60.

On the 9th instant, SARAH C. EASTLACK, daughter of the late Jos. K. Gilbert, aged 25 years.

On the 9th instant, JAMES HARPER, aged 63 years.

On the 10th instant, ROBERT MCILWAINE, son of Wm. and Margaret Boles, aged 8 years and 4 months.

On the 10th instant, MARGARET, wife of Mr. Thos. Roach.

On the 7th instant, Dr. JOSEPH G. HEBARD, aged 80.

On the 9th instant, JOHN MCMASTER, aged 21 years.

On the 8th instant, JAMES KERRIGAN, aged 51 years.

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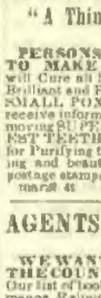

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Wit and Humor.

How Dennis was Satisfied.—Dr. Dixon, editor of the New York Scalpel, told the following anecdote in a recent lecture:

The drunken Irishman is always ready for a murdering row. I received a capital illustration of this, a few years ago, that showed forth, in a very ludicrous light, their grand failing; the character of my professional pursuits at times compelling me occasionally to visit their aromatic abodes. I had been officiating on one of those occasions, when another young citizen was to be born, and, overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep in a chair, the closed shutters alone of an old ricketty cabin intervening between me and the alley-way which led to the other tenements. Footsteps were indistinctly heard at intervals of my slumber, and the neighbors seemed amicably seeking their domicils under varied amounts of the influence of the "craythur." I had slept some time, when I suddenly awoke at the sound of several violent kicks and cuffs accompanied with suppressed grantings and puffings, without a solitary word on either side; the exercises continued till perhaps a full dozen violent blows had been given, when an interval of profound silence occurred, and I was preparing to open the window and see if the blows had not been mutually fatal; at this moment, however, the parties arose, and after several powerful inspirations and nose-blowings, the conqueror, as it appeared from the nature of the dialogue, addressed his opponent:—

"Well, Dennis, are ye sathisfied?"

"Terry, I'm perfectly sathisfied."

"This, I can do nothing more for ye, Dennis?"

"Nothing more, Terry, thank ye, at this time."

"Well, Dennis, will ye take a drink?"

"Terry, I will."

And both parties walked amicably out of the alley to the grog-shop. What the cause of the quarrel was I never knew, and I think it very doubtful if they ever did.

A Winter Tale.—County Court was sitting a while ago in ———, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, and half-perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against a wall "with tears in his fists and his eyes doubled up," and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrantee deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller."

"Wall, I s'pose I am; come from Wisconsin afoot, at any rate."

"From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through a place called the Infernal Regions in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly countenance. "I have been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know."

"Oh," says the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth, till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig tail appeared through the slit in his cheek, "you'll find them much the same as in this region—*the lawyers sit highest the fire!*"

A Just Decision.—One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B———," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years in R———," said the judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N———," said the minister.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have *lain* fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have *sat* twenty years: but the aged pastor has *stood* five-and-twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

Slang Terms.—It is astonishing how foreigners are imposed upon by some of our wags.—The other day we saw a little Frenchman, just arrived, who had been taking English lessons, as he informed us, on the voyage, from a fellow passenger. He complained much of the difficulties of our grammar, especially the *irregular verbs*.

"For instance," says he, "Ze verb *to go*. Did one ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper:—I go; Thou departest; He clears out; We cut stick; Ye or you make tracks; They absquatulate. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! What disregular verbs you have in your language!"

One too Many for the Widow.—There is a good story of a handsome Yankee peddler who made love to a young widow down in Pennsylvania. He accomplished his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union.

"Name them," said the widow.

"The want of means to set up a retail store."

They parted, and the widow sent the peddler a check for ample means. When they met again, the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment.

"*I have got a wife!*" was the reply.

Flippancy in a Tenant.—*Landlord*—Good morning, Mr. Jones. Fine day, sir. I've taken the liberty of bringing a receipt for the quarter's rent.

Tenant—Rent? Oh, ah! Due last week—you're quick on quarter day, Mr. Brown. By the way, do you know that none of the doors in this house will shut?

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [*Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconvinced.*]

Mrs. Partington on the Currency.—"It's always so," said Mrs. Partington, turning over in her hand a Spanish quarter of a dollar, and Ike, who was tackling Lion to the clothes basket, lifted up his eyes inquiringly to her face. "It's always so," she continued, "that the masculine gender is put before the ephemeral. No matter what it's about. If a baby is born into a family, it is *Mr.* So-and-so's baby—the mother hasn't anything to do about it. She isn't anywheres in courts of law or iniquity, and her rights is thought no more of than the wind which goes where it listeth. She hasn't nothing to say about the disposition of her property or that of her children, though Heaven knows *their* disposition would be bad enough unless she did have something to do with it. And everything bad is laid aginst her. Now here is this occurrency business, as soon as its value is deprecated the women is blamed for it." Ike got up and looked at the coin, and thought how many marbles, and how many peanuts, and how many oranges, and how many sticks of molasses candy it would buy, and asked her if it wasn't a good one. "Yes," replied she; "it is good as fur as it goes, and this is the mischief of it—when it was worth twenty-five cents it was said to be *par* value, and now that it is cut down it is *mar* value. It's always so about everything. There ain't nothing like justice ever done to the women." She dropped the coin into her pocket, and it jingled merrily among the keys and the seven copper cents and the old silver thimble and the scissors and the knitting sheath and the steel spectacle case, as if it were not a poor depreciated thing at all, but were yet a full quarter. And Ike thought out this moral from it with the help of Lion: That though the world depreciate as twenty per cent, we should feel just as happy with a self consciousness of par value at heart, and jingle on merrily among the old copper or brass that may be around us.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

The Retort Courteous.—Chesterfield was at a rout in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies. Voltaire accosted him:—

"My Lord, I know you are a judge; which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterwards Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield; a lady in the company, prodigiously rouged, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and engrossed his whole conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and said:—

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

The Clergyman's Choice.—A clergyman once asked a parishioner for a chicken. "Take your choice from that brood, sir," was the reply. His pastor made choice of the handsomest one. On another occasion, the parishioner stood looking into the minister's hen-coop.

"What have you got there," said he.

"A nest," said the clergyman.

"A *nest*, for what?"

"*Why, for that chicken to lay her eggs in, one of these days.*"

"*Nonsense, sir. That chicken will never lay an egg.*"

"Ah! how so?"

"Why, the chicken you selected is a young *rooster*, sir!"

Bunkerisms.—"March is always a turning p'int with me," said Mrs. Battlegash, reflectively, "and I've always noticed that if I managed to live through March, I was pretty sure of living all the rest of the year." This reminds us of the old sexton down at Salem, who said that he had become so accustomed to the sound of his bell, that if he was over to Marblehead and heard it, he would know that he was not ringing it. It also suggests that other story of the youngster who remarked that though his sister was homely now, there had been a time when she was handsome as ever she was!

THE PLAY ACTOR'S EXCUSE.

One evening, when Pizarro was announced as the play, there was a considerable delay in commencing, in consequence of one of the performers being absent; the audience became impatient, when John Kemble (Rolla) came forward, and delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the *principal* performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is *Mr. Emery.*" The house received this explanation without any disapprobation or otherwise, (Emery at this period, although a very pathetic actor had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of the sentinel was given to him.) Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste, and wet with perspiration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when, I am sure, I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies, (for you I must particularly address,) my wife!——and I——(thunders of applause interrupted the apology;) and I ran for the doctor." "You've said enough," exclaimed a thousand tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew that she was safe." "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand on his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house. The play proceeded without interruption; but it appeared Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble, for in that scene, before the prison scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue.

Rolla.—Have you a wife?

Sentinel.—I have.

Rolla.—Children?

Sentinel.—I had two this morning—I have got *three now.*

Loud applause followed this retaliation, and it continued so long, that the entire effect of this scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Frank.—"I say, Grandpa! Haven't you got some chaps coming to grub with you to-day?"

Grandpa.—"Eh! What? Some gentlemen are coming to dine with me to-day, sir, if that's what you mean!"

Frank.—"Hah! Same thing! Well, look here! Your cook isn't a great hand at a salad—now that's a thing I flatter myself I understand better than most men—so, if you like, I'll mix you one!"

Agricultural.

STABLE MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

It is one thing to know how to use a horse, but it is another thing to know how to *take care of him.* A stabled horse needs special care and attention. His feeding must be as regular as the measurement of the hours. When a change of feed is made it must be done with great care—giving small allowances at first until the stomach becomes used to the change. He must be cleaned every day; and when we say *cleaned*, we mean all that can be conveyed by that word. A good curry-comb, brush, and an oiled woollen cloth, are the utensils necessary. First take the curry comb and begin at the top of the neck, back of the ears, working the hand both ways. Proceed in this way till you have gone over the entire body and legs. Then take both comb and brush, and follow the comb with the brush, and after every other stroke, draw the brush across the teeth of the comb to clean it. An experienced groom will do this instantaneously. This done take your cloth and lay the coat, and remove the dust which adheres to the outside. The face and ears must also feel the brush.

Few men know how to clean a horse properly. If the above directions are followed daily, your horses will enjoy good health generally. Stabled horses must be exercised daily. This is absolutely essential to good health. If the feet of your horse are brittle and are liable to break and crack, they must be well oiled once a week. A horse thus treated will always be ready to go when wanted, and you will not be ashamed either to ride or drive him.

Another thing quite as important is a clean and well ventilated stable. We cannot excuse any farmer or horse owner, who does not clean his stables twice a day. A stable should be so constructed as to have a wide passage way or floor in front to feed from. Above the manger a space should be left a foot or two in width clear, and the passage way should be the avenue for the supply of fresh air to the nostrils of the horse.

A horse enjoys a good bed, and it should never be refused him. At night, take your fork and make it up light and you will feel amply rewarded for the humane treatment you have given your beast.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Hogs, and their Method of Treatment.—The hog is one of the greatest of dandies, so far as keeping himself clean is concerned, and unless he has some disease of the skin, or it is extremely hot weather, he will not, of his own accord, bury himself in the mire; and the opinion frequently entertained, that he fats best in the mud, is wrong. Give him a good bed, or dry, clean place to feed on, and he will not only keep himself clean, but will fat faster, with at least one-quarter less feed, than when fed in the mud; and what is of still more consequence, the flesh is healthy, and better for the use of man. I have been a breeder and raiser of pork for many years, and frequently notice that a great many farmers think that, to fatten their hogs, they must confine them in six by eight pens, and let them, frequently, be in mud up to their knees. All wrong; it is an old tradition, handed down from their fathers, like carrying a stone in one end of the bag.

Poor fellows, shut up in that manner, a cold night comes, and their squealing wakes up the farmer, as he lies in his warm bed. He complains of the hogs, and says, "I'll get another breed next year." Instead of changing the breed, give them a good bed, regular feed, as we said before, and a little more room for exercise, and they will stop their squealing, and fatten faster. One thing more. I have never known sows that were allowed to run in the woods or fields, to devour their own offspring, although I frequently have, when they were confined in pens.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Ground Oats for Horses.—Ground oats contain more of the nitrogenous or flesh-making principle, than any other kind of horse food; at the same time they furnish a mixture of coarse and fine food—the husk for the first and the meal for the latter. The coarse serves to keep the bowels in a soluble condition, thus obviating the necessity for drastic medicine.

Hollow Trees.—When trees have small decayed hollows, scoop out all the rotten wood down to the quick, get the hollow clean, and then fill in with lime and clay well worked together, or with any sort of cement; taking care that the exposed part is quite smooth and slopes downwards so as to shoot off water.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Digging Wells in Quicksand.—The following mode is described by a correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, and is simple and ingenious in the construction of the curb:—

When they came to the water, as was always the case there on the openings, they found an abundance of quicksand. So to stop that out they went to the woods and cut a white oak tree about three feet over, and cut off three feet of the butt, then marked off about three inches thick around the outside, and split it off into pieces like stave bolts, being careful to number them so as to set them up just as they grew; then took them home, set them up, hooped them together—having first champered off the outside so as to sharpen the lower end, then let them down into the well, and drove them down into the quicksand, a little at a time, being careful to keep them to their natural place, dipping out the sand from the inside, and thus settling them down till the top was even with the water.

Thus we calculated we had a foundation as firm as a rock, and as durable as the everlasting hills; for being under water it would never rot out, and the thickness of the staves would prevent them from ever moving from their place. It kept the sand out perfectly, the water came in from the bottom, and after the first six months, was as clear as the crystal fountain.

Wormy Apples.—Elihu Cross writes as follows to the Country Gentleman:—

"Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season, to see if I could not stop these marauders in their wild career. I took half-a-dozen quart porter bottles, and filled each half full of sweetened water. I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner; I tied leather straps three-fourths of an inch wide around the branches, to prevent them from being girdled; to these leather straps I tied hemp strings, to which I attached the bottles, leaving them open to allow millers to enter. I let the bottles remain in this situation five or six weeks, and on taking them down and emptying them, I found the miller had entered in numbers, and were drowned in the liquid. In one bottle I counted fifteen—in another forty.

"I had twelve bushels of sound, wormless apples, while the fruit on other trees not experimented upon was wormy."

Hay for Cows in Summer.—An observing, intelligent and successful farmer informs us that he is in the practice of feeding his cows in summer, particularly if the season is such as to afford flush pastures. His reason is, that a full, rapid, and vigorous growth of grass gives to cattle, that feed upon it, a desire for something to absorb the excess of the juice of their food. Dry hay they devour greedily; and, though in ever so small quantities, evidently with the most beneficial effects. Every farmer must have observed that in dry seasons, horses, cattle and sheep keep in good condition upon herbage parched and apparently scant, while in wet season, in all pastures, though always full, the process of fattening with them was slow. Dry fodder in such cases is required to give substance and tenacity to the green, and can be profitably used by feeding it to cattle.—*Newburg Telegraph.*

Setting out Pears.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trench ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Farmers, Note This.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer, to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their holes nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a clear day to the farmer. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain, some cloudy mornings; and fifty years' observation has shown the writer of this, that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.—*English Paper.*

Beans for Sheep.—Bean straw is valuable for sheep, and when properly cured they eat it with avidity. In a chemical analysis of beans it is found that they abound with a greater quantity of the elements of wool than any other grain or vegetable, to make sheep produce heavy fleeces. They will eat them with avidity, whole or ground, even in a damaged state. To our stock during the winter season we generally give a pint of beans per day, and potatoes. Corn is good for fattening sheep, but not so valuable as beans, peas, oats, and most other grains, for the production of wool.—*The Wool Grower.*

Useful Receipts.

How to Cure a Rattlesnake's Bite.—If the dog should be bitten, it immediately digs a hole in the ground, in which it lies until the swelling disappears. I have always found this simple remedy the best one which can be resorted to for the bite of a rattlesnake. A young man of my acquaintance was once bitten, and I immediately dug a hole in the ground, eighteen inches deep, into which the leg was placed and covered with earth. At first he experienced no pain, but in a short time it became so severe that I was compelled to hold him down, but in three hours he fell asleep. After sleeping two hours, he awoke, and the leg was entirely free from pain. Upon removing it from the earth, it was very white, and the poison was all drawn out.—*Philip Tome, an old Hunter, Trapper, Indian Interpreter, etc.*

A Cure for Nose Bleed and Goitre.—It is a singular fact that steel dipped in the juice of the nettle becomes flexible. Dr. Thornton, who made the medicinal properties of our wild plants his peculiar study, says that lint dipped in nettle juice, and put up the nostril, has been known to stay the bleeding of the nose when all other remedies have failed; and adds, that fourteen or fifteen of the seeds, ground into powder, and taken daily, will cure the swelling of the neck, known by the name of "goitre," without in any way injuring the general habit.

To Produce Civil War among Rats.—Take a barrel with one head out, put in water of sufficient depth to drown the rats. Fasten over the top some thin, elastic covering—a drumhead, or sheep's skin with the wool off will do. Put meat or some kind of bait which they will like. When they have got well baited, slit the cover transversly with a thin knife, so that the incisions will meet in the centre. A brick should be set on its end in the water, or some solid substance put there of sufficient height to allow of one rat only to stand upon it out of the water. When all is thus rightly prepared, the rats as they go on the barrel will be let down by the trap door into the water. A struggle will commence to obtain possession of the island. The hue and cry they will make for help will be heard by other rats about the premises, when they all will rush upon the top of the barrel, and be precipitated into the water together, and a regular Kilkenny fight will ensue.—*Boston Cultivator.*

To Get Rid of Roaches.—For this purpose I found great efficacy in a paste made of Indian meal, red lead, and molasses. This I made in the proportion of one (by weight) of red lead, to four of meal, using molasses enough to give it the proper consistency. This I spread upon flat dishes, placing them in closets, on the floor, and in other places usually haunted by these vermin. I found it to work like a charm. It is as interesting as visiting a menagerie, to go into a kitchen the night after the banquet is spread, and see how the little animals work at it, and how black the previously red platter has become, with the then living mass. Not many of those which have partaken of one feast ever return to a second supper. The entertainment should be kept up every night until all on the premises have partaken. The mystery will be, what has become of them, as no remains are ever found about the floor, unless it should be those of *the last roach is the house*—there being then no live one left to remove his carcase.

An English Giant.—John Middleton, born in the year 1578, was remarkable for his large stature and extraordinary strength. It is traditionally reported, that Sir G. Ireland took him to London, and introduced him to the presence of King James I., dressed up in a very fantastic style. On his return from London a portrait was taken of him, which is preserved in the library of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. Dr. Plott says—"His hand, from the carpus to the end of the middle finger, was seventeen inches long; his palm, eight inches and a half broad; and his height, nine feet eight inches, wanting but six inches of the size of Goliah."

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 66 letters.

My 5, 14, 36, 2, 62, 22, 40, 3, 9, 19, 55, 13, was the ancient name for the Morea.

My 1, 49, 42, 21, 37, was the goddess of the Roman Pantheon.

My 4, 7, 25, 26, 40, 31, 17, 29, 54, was a tyrant of Sicily.

My 6, 10, 28, 17, 48, 65, was a Roman actor.

My 33, 5, 7, 44, 12, 43, 47, was a celebrated philosopher of ancient descent.

My 66, 63, 64, 27, 12, 7, 51, 32, was the wife of the poet and musician, Orpheus.

My 48, 56, 41, 15, 16, 35, 63, was a King of Ithaca, usually deemed the wisest of Greeks.

My 50, 57, 29, 17, 57, 43, 65, was a Roman annalist.

My 30, 25, 10, 44, 60, 53, 3, 17, 38, 60, 24, 10, 30, 63, 22, 9, is a species of poetry.

My 34, 10, 40, 8, 66, 23, 00, is a short species of poem with few rhymes.

My 57, 23, 20, 7, 11, 30, is a table of customs or duties chargeable upon goods.

My 26, 58, 62, 61, 7, 23, 46, has acquired a licentious meaning.

My 59, 16, 31, 23, is a lofty mount of Thessaly.

My 45, 6, 28, 29, 65, is a name of Pluto frequently used to signify the nether regions.

My whole is a maxim by Franklin. E. D. B.

New Milltown.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 9, 4, 14, 6, 2, 10, 11, 13, 16, 35, 17, was a distinguished Grecian orator.

My 40, 1, 40, 10, 26, is a celebrated American musician.

My 29, 36, 5, 13, 24, 43, was a profound English astronomer.

My 14, 28, 10, 48, 20, is what we all are desirous of obtaining.

My 15, 38, 49, 12, 43, 40, is a renowned American poetess.

My 17, 47, 4, 39, 1, 26, 32, 30, 12, 11, was an audacious Indian chief.

My 27, 48, 8, 21, was a celebrated archer.

My 34, 41, 42, 44, 18, is a happy period of life.

My 2, 20, 46, 13, 45, 39, is a town in Massachusetts.

My 16, 1, 7, 37, 33, 6, is a city in Illinois.

My 22, 25, 43, 23, 15, 38, is a city in Scotland.

My 11, 31, 3, is a town in Belgium.

My whole is a precept which all should practice.

Warren Kilns. ELIZABETH C. ELY.

A "NOVEL" ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. B. PHILIBERT.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 20, 24, 8, 22, 6, 34, 18, 21, 32, 13, 20, 21, 25, 17, is a novel by T. S. Arthur.

My 19, 12, 26, 6, 20, 30, is a novel by G. P. R. James.

My 34, 31, 3, 30, is a novel by Frederika Bremer.

My 25, 12, 4, 15, 37, 21, 29, 7, 31, is a novel by Dickens.

My 30, 23, 33, 19, 16, 3, 2, 21, 20, is a novel by G. P. R. James.

My 19, 11, 12, 13, 37, 35, is a novel by Eugene Sue.

My 20, 27, 28, 16, 10, 29, 17, is a novel by Frederika Bremer.

My 12, 13, 14, 16, 37, 1, 37, 20, 34, 24, 26, is a novel by G. P. R. James.

My 9, 11, 3, 7, 32, 12, 29, 19, 20, 20, 30, 5, 11, 33, 32, is a novel by Bulwer.

My 32, 30, 25, 21, 16, is a novel by Roger de Beauvoir.

My 20, 33, 18, 22, 31, 3, 19, 15, 24, 12, 26, 30, 38, 39, is a novel by T. S. Arthur.

My 30, 29, 28, 20, 8, 19, is a novel by Henry Fielding.

My 19, 5, 30, 11, 21, 15, 17, is a novel by Eugene Sue.

My whole is a novel by Dumas.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where people have good moral laws,
To break them is my first,
And this was the original cause
For which mankind were cursed.
My second people soon become,
Where'er my first prevails,
Reform alone can save them from
The curse my first entails.
In Eastern legends we are told
Of an adventurous man,
Whose name will my whole unfold—
Now, guess it if you can. GAHMEW

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When upon a summer's day,
And the sky is bright and clear,
The farmer is in his field of hay,
Then my first he loves to hear.

When the labors of the day are o'er,
As the clock rings the hour of nine,
The farmer sits in his cottage door,
With my second he passes his time.

When amidst the merry throng,
Gathered on a Christmas day,
The sound of my whole then floats along,
Keeping time with voices gay.

Warren, Vt. HARP

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a religious sect;
My second is a measure;
Men are apt to do my third,
When they have much leisure.

My whole is a tradesman
Who in the city doth dwell,
And about gold and silver
He knoweth very well. ALPHA.

Pequea, Pa.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Without my 4, 5, I am a quadruped of the genus ursa.
Without my 3, 4, I am a spirituous liquor.
Without my 1, 4, 5, I am a useful member of the body.
Without my 1, 2, 3, I am the Latin word for man.
Without my 3, 4, 6, I am an industrious insect.
Without my 1, 3, I am all time.
Without my 2, 4, 5, I am a rock in the sea.
My whole is a county in Pennsylvania.

Mercer, Pa. E. J. G.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fifteen equal circles touch each other externally, and enclose between the points of contact just one acre. Required the radii of the circles?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What number is that which, multiplied by the 9 numbers, one at a time, and the figures of the product added together, will give that number?

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why will one of the Philadelphia weeklies for people to "hitch to?" Ans.—Because it's a Post.

☞ Why is a celebrated publisher of New York city like David of old? Ans.—Because he's a Harper.

☞ What man is it who, although he understands his trade, is always to be a 'prentice? Ans.—Ed. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal.

☞ Why did the French "fly like sheep" at the capture of Quebec by the English? Ans.—Because there was a "Wolfe" after them.

☞ Why would a certain city of Ireland float on water? Ans.—Because it's Cork. T. E. WOODS

Charleston, Ill.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the King, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of God of Heaven, shall require of you, it shall be done speedily.—Ezra vii.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Aristophanes. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"The morning has gold in its mouth." CHARADE.—Artemas Ward (Ar-te-mas ward.) HISTORICAL CHARADE.—Helen (Hel-en). CHARADE.—Alphabet (Al-fay-bet.) ANAGRAM. 1. Tuscola. 2. Dresden. 3. Attu. 4. Tioga. 5. Huron. 6. Crimea. 7. Potsdam. 8. Wasa. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—60 and 61.